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PREFACE.

In the preparation of the THIRD READER the chief aim has been to make it an introduction to the study of literature. The choice of selections has been dictated primarily by a desire to excite the interest, improve the taste, develope the judgment, and ennoble the ideals of the pupils, and to cultivate a liking for good literature which will prompt them to read for themselves through later life.

For the more successful accomplishment of this purpose, a much larger proportion of poetry than is usually to be found in readers of this grade has been inserted. Whatever the correct psychological or esthetic explanation may be, the fact undoubtedly is that the majority of children are naturally fond of poetry, of which the melodious language and the rhythmic movement appeal to their nascent sense of the beautiful.

To intensify this preference is a legitimate object of school training, and with this in view critical care has been exercised in the selection of the poems. Since form is a matter of great importance with the young, and since Tennyson's poetry is in form the most perfect and the most varied in the language, advantage has been taken of the expiration of the copyright of many of his earlier poems to insert an unusually large number of them. Needless to say, while in point of formal perfection they are pre-eminent, they are hardly less so in the still more important qualities of literature—good sense, good taste, and good morals.

Compilers of recent series of school readers in different countries have wisely shown an increasing preference for two classes of selections—those presenting to the observation of the pupil his physical environment, and those presenting to his imagination that extra-physical region which has in all ages been peopled with beings of human creation. Animal stories

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and wonder lore are prominent features of this reader, and the greatest care has been exercised in choosing from an embarrassingly large supply of good material.

There has been, with the introduction of improved processes in the reproduction of artistic drawings, a great development in the use of illustrations. Those distributed through this reader will be found well abreast of the time. They comprise an unusually large proportion of portraits of the authors or the subjects of selections, and in other cases they have been inserted because they are well calculated to prove helpful to both teacher and pupils as aids in the interpretation of the lessons.

While there is often room for difference of opinion as to which of any two lessons is the more difficult, an attempt has been made to grade the contents of this reader so that the lessons may become harder to master as the pupil becomes more able to master them. To some extent it has been found practicable to arrange prose and poetry alternately, and also to group in the same part of the book a few lessons more or less closely related in subject matter or in some other way. These inner connections will tend to become clearer and more suggestive as the teacher becomes better acquainted with the collection.

By the time the pupil reaches the third reader he should be sufficiently apt at word recognition to make out the sense of a lesson for himself, and he should be expected and required to do so before he is asked to read it aloud. The greatest obstacle to expressive reading is the practice of unintelligent reading. The pupil cannot express what he does not feel and realize as he reads, and he can neither feel nor realize what he has not carefully thought out for himself. He should be thoroughly questioned on the contents of the lesson after he has had a chance to prepare it, and before he is asked to read it aloud. With such a course of training, primarily interpretative and secondarily expressive, the reading hour may, in the hands of an expert teacher, become the most interesting and most helpful period of the school day.

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A THIRD READER.

THE LITTLE LAND.

When at home alone I sit
And am very tired of it,
I have just to shut my eyes
To go sailing through the skies—
To go sailing far away
To the pleasant Land of Play;
To the fairy land afar
Where the little people are;
Where the clover-tops are trees,
And the rain-pools are the seas,
And the leaves like little ships
Sail about on tiny trips;
And above the daisy tree
Through the grasses
High o'erhead the Bumble Bee
Hums and passes.

In that forest to and fro
I can wander, I can go;
See the spider and the fly,
And the ants go marching by
Carrying parcels with their feet
Down the green and grassy street
I can in the sorrel sit
Where the ladybird alit.
I can climb the jointed grass;
And on high
See the greater swallows pass
In the sky,
And the round sun rolling by
Heeding no such things as I.

Through that forest I can pass
Till, as in a looking glass,
Humming fly and daisy tree
And my tiny self I see,
Painted very clear and neat
On the rain-pool at my feet.
Should a leaflet come to land
Drifting near to where I stand,
Straight I'll board that tiny boat
Round the rain-pool sea to float.
Little thoughtful creatures sit
On the grassy coasts of it;
Little things with lovely eyes
See me sailing with surprise.
Some are clad in armor green—
(These have sure to battle been?)—

Some are pied with ev'ry hue,
Black and crimson, gold and blue;
Some have wings and swift are gone;—
But they all look kindly on.

When my eyes I once again
Open, and see all things plain:
High bare walls, great bare floor;
Great big knobs on drawer and door;
Great big people perched on chairs,
Stitching tucks and mending tears,
Each a hill that I could climb,
And talking nonsense all the time—
O dear me,
That I could be
A sailor on the rain-pool sea,
A climber in the clover-tree,
And just come back, a sleepy head,
Late at night to go to bed.

—ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

BLACK BEAUTY.*

I WAS sold to a corn dealer and baker whom Jerry knew, and with him he thought I should have good food and fair work. In the first he was quite right; and if my master had always been on the premises I do not

*From "Black Beauty, the Autobiography of a Horse," (by permission of the publishers, Jarrold & Sons, London).

think I should have been overloaded; but there was a foreman who was always hurrying and driving everyone, and frequently when I had quite a full load, he would order something else to be taken on. My carter, whose name was Jakes, often said it was more than I ought to take, but the other always overruled him: "'Twas no use going twice when once would do, and he chose to get business forward."

Jakes, like the other carters, always had the bearing rein up, which prevented me from drawing easily, and by the time I had been there three or four months, I found the work telling very much on my strength. One day, I was loaded more than usual, and part of the road was a steep uphill; I used all my strength, but I could not get on and was obliged continually to stop. This did not please my driver, and he laid his whip on badly. "Get on, you lazy fellow," he said, "or I'll make you."

Again I started the heavy load, and struggled on a few yards; again the whip came down, and again I struggled forward. The pain of that great cartwhip was sharp, but my mind was hurt quite as much as my poor sides. To be punished and abused when I was doing my very best was so hard it

took the heart out of me. A third time he was flogging me cruelly, when a lady stepped quickly up to him and said in a sweet, earnest voice:—"Oh! pray do not whip your good horse any more; I am sure he is doing all he can, and the road is very steep; I am sure he is doing his best."

"If doing his best won't get this load up, he must do something more than his best; that's all I know, ma'am," said Jakes.

"But is it not a very heavy load?" she said.

"Yes, yes, too heavy," he said, "but that's not my fault; the foreman came just as we were starting and would have three hundredweight more put on to save him trouble, and I must get on with it as well as I can."

He was raising the whip again when the lady said,—"Pray, stop, I think I can help you if you will let me."

The man laughed.

"You see," she said, "you do not give him a fair chance; he cannot use all his power with his head held back as it is with that bearing rein; if you would take it off I am sure he would do better. Do try it," she said persuasively; "I should be very glad if you would."

"Well, well," said Jakes with a short laugh, "anything to please a lady of course. How far would you wish it down, ma'am?"

"Quite down; give him his head altogether." The rein was taken off, and in a moment I put my head down to my very knees. What a comfort it was! Then I tossed it up and down several times to get the aching stiffness out of my neck.

"Poor fellow! that is what you wanted," said she, patting and stroking me with her gentle hand, "and now if you will speak kindly to him and lead him on I believe he will be able to do better."

Jakes took the rein,—"Come on, Blackie." I put down my head and threw my whole weight against the collar; I spared no strength; the load moved on, and I pulled steadily up the hill and then stopped to take breath. The lady had walked along the footpath and now came across into the road. She stroked and patted my neck as I had not been patted for many a long day.

"You see he was quite willing when you gave him the chance; I am sure he is a fine-tempered creature, and I dare say has known better days. You will not put that rein on again, will you?" for he was just going to hitch it up on the old plan.

"Well ma'am, I can't deny that having his head has helped him up the hill, and I'll remember it another time, and thank you ma'am;

but if he went without a bearing rein I should be the laughing-stock of all the carters; it's the fashion, you see."

"Is it not better," she said, "to lead a good fashion than to follow a bad one? A great many gentlemen do not use bearing reins now; our carriage horses have not worn them for fifteen years and they work with much less fatigue than those who have them; besides," she added in a very serious voice, "we have no right to distress any of God's creatures without a very good reason. We call them dumb animals, and so they are for they cannot tell us how they feel, but they do not suffer less because they have no words. But I must not detain you now; I thank you for trying my plan with your good horse and I am sure you will find it far better than the whip. Good day," and with another soft pat on my neck she stepped lightly across the path, and I saw her no more.

"That was a real lady, I'll be bound for it," said Jakes to himself; "she spoke just [illegible]te as if I was a gentleman, and I'll tr[illegible]n, uphill at any rate;" and I must do him the justice to say that he let my rein out several [illegible], and going uphill after that he always g[illegible] my head, but the heavy loads went on.

—ANNA SEWELL.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

THE THREE FISHERS.

Three fishers went sailing out into the West,
Out into the West as the sun went down;
Each thought on the woman who loved him the best,
And the children stood watching them out of the town;
For men must work, and women must weep,
And there's little to earn, and many to keep,
Though the harbor bar be moaning.

Three wives sat up in the lighthouse tower,
And they trimmed the lamps as the sun went down;
They looked at the squall, and they looked at the shower,
And the night-rack came rolling up ragged and brown;
But men must work, and women must weep,
Though storms be sudden, and waters deep,
And the harbor bar be moaning.

Three corpses lay out on the shining sands
In the morning gleam as the tide went down,
And the women are weeping and wringing their hands
For those who will never come home to the town;
For men must work, and women must weep,
And the sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep,
And good bye to the bar and its moaning.

—CHARLES KINGSLEY.

THE STOLEN PEACHES.

CHARLIE was the son of good and kind parents. It was his birthday and beautiful autumn weather. His parents loaded him with presents and permitted him to bring some of his school-fellows to play with him.

They played about in the garden. There Charlie had a little plot of his own, rich with flowers and fruit. On the opposite wall there grew a peach-tree, which was not his but his father's, and this he had been told he must not touch.

The peaches were ripe, and a ruddy bloom blushed through their downy skin. "What could be more delightful?" thought the boys.

"Why not just taste them?" said they to Charlie. "There's no harm in it. Besides, is this not your birthday? Surely you can do as you like once a year at least."

"No!" said Charlie; "I am forbidden to touch those peaches; that's enough for me; but take what you like from my own plot, and welcome."

Then said the eldest of the boys: "Very likely Charlie is quite right; but let us pluck the peaches, and perhaps he will help us to eat them."

So Charlie at last agreed to this, and he was by no means unwilling to share the feast.

When the peaches were all eaten, and the boys gone, Charlie began to feel he had done wrong; he stayed in the garden alone and wretched, and had never been so sad and miserable all his life long.

At last his father came into the garden, and called out, "Charlie! Charlie!"

Charlie stood at the end of the garden, a picture of misery. His father went to him, and in passing the peach-tree he saw what had been done. His face grew sad and angry.

Then said his father: "Is this your birthday, and is this the return you make us for all our care and kindness?"

Charlie was dumb.

"Henceforth the garden is locked to you," said his father. He then led Charlie into the house, and went away in displeasure.

Charlie went off to bed, but not to sleep. He turned and tossed this way and that, but the whole night long he could not sleep.

Next morning Charlie was so pale and sad that his mother had pity on him. So she said to her husband, "Charlie is sorry, but he thinks the 'locked garden' means that you have locked your heart against him."

"He is quite right," was the reply; "I have locked my heart against him."

"How sad," sighed the mother; "he has begun the new year of his life with sorrow."

"That it may be more full of joy, let us hope," said the father.

By-and-by the mother said: "I am afraid Charlie will doubt our love for him."

"I hope not," said her husband. "Although he feels he is guilty, I do not think he would wish to throw the blame on us. Till now he always had our love, and he will learn to prize it for the future by having to win it back again."

The following morning Charlie came down to breakfast calmly and cheerfully. He carried a basket in his hand, full of all the toys and presents his parents had given him.

"What do you mean by this?" asked his father.

Charlie answered: "I give these back to you, for I do not deserve them." Then the father unlocked his heart, and happiness came back to them all again.

—KRUMMACHER.

THE BETTER LAND.

"I HEAR thee speak of the better land;
Thou call'st its children a happy band:
Mother! oh, where is that radiant shore?
Shall we not seek it, and weep no more?
Is it where the flower of the orange blows,
And the fire-flies glance through the myrtle boughs?"
"Not there, not there, my child!"

"Is it where the feathery palm-trees rise,
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies?
Or midst the green islands of glittering seas,
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze;
And strange bright birds, on their starry wings,
Bear the rich hues of all glorious things?"
"Not there, not there, my child!"

"Is it far away, in some region old,
Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold?
Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,
And the diamond lights up the secret mine,
And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand,—
Is it there, sweet mother, that better land?"
"Not there, not there, my child!"

"Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy,
Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy—
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair—
Sorrow and death may not enter there:
Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom;
For beyond the clouds, and beyond the tomb—
It is there, it is there, my child!"

—MRS. HEMANS.

LORD NELSON.

THE DEATH OF NELSON.

IT had been part of Nelson's prayer that the British fleet might be distinguished by humanity in the victory which he expected. Setting an example himself, he twice gave orders to cease firing on the *Redoubtable*, supposing she had struck because her guns were silent; for, as she carried no flag, there was no means of instantly ascertaining the fact. From this ship, which he had thus twice spared, he received his death. A ball fired from her mizzen-top, which, in the then situation of the two vessels,

was not more than fifteen yards from that part of the deck where he was standing, struck the epaulet on his left shoulder, about a quarter after one, just in the heat of the action. He fell upon his face on the spot which was covered with his poor secretary's blood.

Hardy, who was a few steps from him, turning round, saw three men raising him up. "They have done for me at last, Hardy," said he. "I hope not," cried Hardy. "Yes," he replied; "my back-bone is shot through." Yet even now, not for a moment losing his presence of mind, he observed, as they were carrying him down the ladder, that the tiller-ropes, which had been shot away, were not yet replaced, and ordered that new ones should be rove immediately; then, that he might not be seen by the crew, he took out his handkerchief and covered his face and his stars! Had he but concealed those badges of honor from the enemy, England, perhaps, would not have had cause to receive with sorrow the news of the Battle of Trafalgar.

The cockpit was crowded with wounded and dying men, over whose bodies he was with some difficulty conveyed, and laid upon a pallet in the midshipmen's berth. It was soon perceived, upon examination, that the wound was mortal. This, however, was concealed from all

except Captain Hardy, the chaplain, and the medical attendants. He himself being certain, from the sensation in his back, and the gush of blood he felt momently within his breast, that no human care could avail him, insisted that the surgeon should leave him and attend to those to whom he might be useful; "for," said he, "you can do nothing for me." All that could be done was to fan him with paper, and frequently to give him lemonade to alleviate his intense thirst.

He was in great pain, and expressed much anxiety for the event of the action, which now began to declare itself. As often as a ship struck, the crew of the *Victory* hurrahed; and at each hurrah a visible expression of joy gleamed in the eyes and marked the countenance of the dying hero. But he became impatient to see Hardy; and as that officer, though often sent for, could not leave the deck, Nelson feared that some fatal cause prevented him, and repeatedly cried, "Will no one bring Hardy to me? He must be killed! He is surely dead!"

An hour and ten minutes elapsed from the time when Nelson received his wound, before Hardy could come to him. They shook hands in silence, Hardy in vain struggling to suppress the feelings of that most painful and yet

sublime moment. "Well, Hardy," said Nelson, "how goes the day with us?" "Very well," replied Hardy: "ten ships have struck; but five of the van have tacked, and show an intention to bear down upon the *Victory*. I have called two or three of our fresh ships round, and have no doubt of giving them a drubbing."—"I hope," said Nelson, "none of our ships have struck?" Hardy answered, "There is no fear of that."

Then, and not till then, Nelson spoke of himself. "I am a dead man, Hardy," said he. "I am going fast; it will be all over with me soon." Hardy observed that he hoped Mr. Beatty could yet hold out some prospects of life. "Oh, no," he replied; "it is impossible. My back is shot through. Beatty will tell you so." Hardy then once more shook hands with him, and with a heart almost bursting, hastened upon deck.

By this time all feeling below the breast was gone, and Nelson having made the surgeon ascertain this, said to him, "You know I am gone. I know it. I feel something rising in my breast," putting his hand on his left side, "which tells me so." When Beatty inquired whether his pain was very great, he replied, "So great, that I wish I were dead. Yet," he added, in a lower voice, "one would like to live a little longer, too!"

Captain Hardy, some fifty minutes after he had left the cockpit, returned, and again taking the hand of his dying friend and commander, congratulated him on having gained a complete victory. How many of the enemy were taken he did not know, as it was impossible to perceive them distinctly, but fourteen or fifteen at least. "That's well," said Nelson; but I bargained for twenty." And then, in a stronger voice, he said, "Anchor, Hardy, anchor." Hardy thereupon hinted that Admiral Collingwood would take upon himself the direction of affairs. "Not while I live, Hardy," said the dying Nelson, ineffectually endeavoring to raise himself from the bed; "do you anchor." His previous orders for preparing to anchor had shown how clearly he foresaw the necessity of this.

Presently calling Hardy back, he said to him in a low voice, "Don't throw me overboard;" and he desired that he might be buried beside his parents, unless it should please the King to order otherwise. Then reverting to private feelings,—"Kiss me, Hardy," said he. Hardy knelt down and kissed his cheek; and Nelson said, "Now I am satisfied. Thank God, I have done my duty!" Hardy stood over him in silence for a moment or two, then knelt again and kissed his forehead. "Who is that?" said

Nelson; and being informed, he replied, "God bless you, Hardy." And Hardy then left him for ever.

Nelson now desired to be turned upon his right side, and said, "I wish I had not left the deck, for I shall soon be gone" Death was, indeed, rapidly approaching. His articulation became difficult, but he was distinctly heard to say, "Thank God, I have done my duty!" These words he repeatedly pronounced, and they were the last words which he uttered. He expired at thirty minutes after four, three hours and a quarter after he had received his wound.

—ROBERT SOUTHEY.

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

Ye mariners of England,
That guard our native seas,
Whose flag has braved a thousand years,
The battle and the breeze!
Your glorious standard launch again
To match another foe,
And sweep through the deep
While the stormy winds do blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

The spirits of your fathers
  Shall start from every wave!
For the deck it was their field of fame,
  And Ocean was their grave;
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell
  Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep,
  While the stormy winds do blow,
While the battle rages loud and long,
  And the stormy winds do blow.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
  No towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,
  Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak
  She quells the floods below,
As they roar on the shore
  When the stormy winds do blow,
When the battle rages loud and long,
  And the stormy winds do blow.

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn
Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean warriors!
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow,
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow!

—Thomas Campbell.

A CANADIAN BOAT-SONG.

Faintly as tolls the evening chime
Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time;
Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
We'll sing at St. Anne's our parting hymn.
Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past.

Why should we yet our sail unfurl?
There is not a breath the blue wave to curl;
But when the wind blows off the shore
O sweetly we'll rest our weary oar.
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past.

Utaw's tide! this trembling moon
Shall see us float over thy surges soon.
Saint of this green isle! hear our prayers;
O grant us cool heavens and favoring airs.
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past.

—Thomas Moore.

THE ANGEL'S WHISPER.

A BABY was sleeping,
Its mother was weeping,
For her husband was far on the wild raging sea;
And the tempest was swelling
Round the fisherman's dwelling,
And she cried, "Dermot, darling, oh come back to me!"

Her beads while she numbered,
The baby still slumbered
And smiled in her face as she bended her knee:
"Oh, blessed be that warning,
My child, thy sleep adorning,
For I know that the angels are whispering with thee.

"And while they are keeping
Bright watch o'er thy sleeping,
Oh, pray to them softly, my baby, with me!
And say thou would'st rather
They'd watch o'er thy father!—
For I know that the angels are whispering with thee."

The dawn of the morning
Saw Dermot returning,
And the wife wept with joy her babe's father to see;
And closely caressing
Her child, with a blessing,
Said, "I knew that the angels were whispering with thee."

—SAMUEL LOVER.

THE EAGLE AND THE SWAN.

IMAGINE yourself, on a day early in November, floating slowly down the Mississippi River. The near approach of winter brings millions of water-fowls on whistling wings from the countries of the north, to seek a milder climate in which to sojourn for a season.

The eagle is seen perched on the highest branch of the tallest tree by the margin of the broad stream. His glistening but pitiless eye looks over water and land, and sees objects afar off. He listens to every sound that comes to his quick ear, glancing now and then to the earth beneath, lest the light tread of the rabbit may pass unheard.

His mate is perched on the other side of the river, and now and then warns him by a cry to continue patient. At this well-known call he partly opens his broad wings and answers to her voice in tones not unlike the laugh of a madman. Ducks and many smaller water-fowl are seen passing rapidly towards the south; but the eagle heeds them not — they are for the time beneath his attention.

The next moment, however, the wild, trumpet-like sound of a distant swan is heard. The eagle suddenly shakes his body, raises his wings, and makes ready for flight. A shriek

from his mate comes across the stream, for she is fully as watchful as he.

The snow-white bird is now in sight; her long neck is stretched forward; her eyes are as watchful as those of her enemy; her large wings seem with difficulty to support the weight of her body. Nearer and nearer she comes. The eagle has marked her for his prey.

As the swan is about to pass the dreaded pair, the eagle starts from his perch with an awful scream. He glides through the air like a falling star, and, like a flash of lightning, darts upon the timid bird, which now, in agony and despair, seeks to escape the grasp of his cruel talons. She would plunge into the stream did not the eagle force her to remain in the air by striking at her from beneath.

The hope of escape is soon given up by the swan. She has already become much weakened. She is about to gasp her last breath when the eagle strikes with his talons the under side of her wing, and forces the dying bird to fall in a slanting direction upon the nearest shore.

Then it is that you may see the cruel spirit of this dreaded enemy of the feathered race. He presses down his strong feet, and drives his claws deeper and deeper into the heart of the swan. He screams with delight as he watches the last feeble struggles of his prey.

The eagle's mate has watched every movement that he has made; and, if she did not assist him in capturing the swan, it was because she felt sure that his power and courage were quite sufficient for the deed. She now sails up to the spot where he is waiting for her, and both together turn the breast of the luckless swan upward and gorge themselves with gore.

—J. J. AUDUBON.

THE DYING SWAN.

I.

The plain was grassy, wild, and bare,
Wide, wild, and open to the air,
Which had built up everywhere
An under-roof of doleful gray.
With an inner voice the river ran,
Adown it floated a dying swan,
And loudly did lament.
It was the middle of the day.
Ever the weary wind went on,
And took the reed-tops as it went.

II.

Some blue peaks in the distance rose,
And white against the cold-white sky,
Shone out their crowning snows.
One willow over the river wept,
And shook the wave as the wind did sigh;

ALFRED TENNYSON.

Above in the wind was the swallow,
Chasing itself at its own wild will,
And far thro' the marish green and still
The tangled water-courses slept,
Shot over with purple, and green, and yellow.

III.

The wild swan's death-hymn took the soul
Of that waste place with joy
Hidden in sorrow: at first to the ear
The warble was low, and full, and clear;
And floating about the under-sky,
Prevailing in weakness, the coronach stole
Sometimes afar, and sometimes anear;
But anon her awful jubilant voice,
With a music strange and manifold,
Flow'd forth on a carol free and bold;
As when a mighty people rejoice
With shawms, and with cymbals, and harps of gold,
And the tumult of their acclaim is roll'd

Thro' the open gates of the city afar,
To the shepherd who watcheth the evening star.
And the creeping mosses and clambering weeds,
And the willow-branches hoar and dank,
And the wavy swell of the soughing reeds,
And the wave-worn horns of the echoing bank,
And the silvery marish-flowers that throng
The desolate creeks and pools among,
Were flooded over with eddying song.

—ALFRED TENNYSON.

BIRDS.

Birds—birds, ye are beautiful things,
With your earth-treading feet and your cloud-cleaving wings,
Where shall man wander and where shall he dwell,
Beautiful birds, that ye come not as well?

Ye have nests on the mountains, all rugged and stark;
Ye have nests in the forest, all tangled and dark;
Ye build and ye brood 'neath the cottager's eaves,
And ye sleep on the sod 'mid the bonny green leaves.
Ye hide in the heather, ye lurk in the brake;
Ye dive in the sweet-flags that shadow the lake;
Ye skim where the stream parts the orchard-decked land;
Ye dance where the foam sweeps the desolate strand.

Beautiful birds, ye come thickly around
When the bud's on the branch and the snow's on the ground;
Ye come when the richest of roses flush out,
And ye come when the yellow leaf eddies about.

—MARY HOWITT.

SAMUEL L. CLEMENS.

THE BLUE JAY.

SAID Jim Baker, "There's more to a bluejay than to any other creature. He has more kinds of feeling than any other creature; and mind you, whatever a bluejay feels, he can put into words. No common words either, but out-and-out book-talk. You never see a jay at a loss for a word.

"You may call a jay a bird. Well, so he is, because he has feathers on him. Otherwise he is just as human as you are.

"Yes, sir; a jay is everything that a man is. A jay can laugh, a jay can gossip, a jay can feel ashamed, just as well as you do, may be better. And there's another thing: in good,

clean, out-and-out scolding, a bluejay can beat anything alive.

"Seven years ago the last man about here but me moved away. There stands his house—a log house with just one big room and no more: no ceiling, nothing between the rafters and the floor.

"Well, one Sunday morning I was sitting out here in front of my cabin, with my cat, taking the sun, when a bluejay flew down on that house with an acorn in his mouth.

"'Hello,' says he, 'I reckon here's something.' When he spoke the acorn fell out of his mouth and rolled down the roof. He didn't care; his mind was on the thing he had found.

"It was a knot-hole in the roof. He cocked his head to one side, shut one eye, and put the other to the hole, like a 'possum looking down a jug.

"Then he looked up, gave a wink or two with his wings, and says, 'It looks like a hole, it's placed like a hole—and—if I don't think it is a hole!'

"Then he cocked his head down and took another look. He looked up with joy, this time winked his wings and his tail both, and says, 'If I ain't in luck! Why, it's an elegant hole!'

"So he flew down and got that acorn and dropped it in, and was tilting his head back with a smile when a queer look of surprise came over his face. Then he says, 'Why, I didn't hear it fall.'

"He cocked his eye at the hole again and took a long look; rose up and shook his head; went to the other side of the hole and took another look from that side; shook his head again. No use.

"So, after thinking awhile, he says, 'I reckon it's all right. I'll try it, any way.'

"So he flew off and brought another acorn and dropped it in, and tried to get his eye to the hole quick enough to see what became of it. He was too late. He got another acorn and tried to see where it went, but he couldn't.

"He says, 'Well, I never saw such a hole as this before. I reckon it's a new kind.' Then he got angry and walked up and down the roof. I never saw a bird take on so.

"When he got through he looked in the hole for half a minute; then he says, 'Well, you're a long hole, and a deep hole, and a queer hole, but I have started to fill you, and I'll do it if it takes a hundred years.'

"And with that away he went. For two hours and a half you never saw a bird work so hard. He did not stop to look in any more, but just threw acorns in and went for more.

"Well, at last he could hardly flap his wings he was so tired out. So he bent down for a look. He looked up, pale with rage. He says, 'I've put in enough acorns to keep the family thirty years, and I can't see a sign of them.'

"Another jay was going by and heard him. So he stopped to ask what was the matter. Our jay told him the whole story. Then he went and looked down the hole and came back and said, 'How many tons did you put in there?'

"'Not less than two,' said our jay.

"The other jay looked again, but could not make it out; so he gave a yell and three more jays came. They all talked at once for awhile, and then called in more jays.

"Pretty soon the air was blue with jays, and every jay put his eye to the hole and told what he thought. They looked the house all over, too. The door was partly open, and at last one old jay happened to look in. There lay the acorns all over the floor.

"He flapped his wings and gave a yell, 'Come here, everybody! Ha! ha! He's been trying to fill a house with acorns.'

"As each jay took a look, the fun of the thing struck him, and how he did laugh. And for an hour after they roosted on the house.

top and trees, and laughed like human beings. "It isn't any use to tell me a blue-jay hasn't any fun in him. I know better."

—SAMUEL L. CLEMENS (MARK TWAIN).

TO A SKYLARK.

ETHEREAL Minstrel! Pilgrim of the sky!
Dost thou despise the earth where cares abound?
Or, while the wings aspire, are heart and eye
Both with thy nest upon the dewy ground?
Thy nest, which thou canst drop into at will,
Those quivering wings composed, that music still!

Leave to the nightingale her shady wood:
A privacy of glorious light is thine;
Whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood
Of harmony, with instinct more divine:
Type of the wise who soar, but never roam;
True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home.

—WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

THE SKYLARK.

Bird of the wilderness,
Blithesome and cumberless,
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place—
Oh, to abide in the desert with thee!

Wild is thy lay and loud
Far in the downy cloud;
Love gives it energy, love gave it birth.
Where on thy dewy wing,
Where art thou journeying?
Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.

O'er fell and fountain sheen,
O'er moor and mountain green,
O'er the red streamer that heralds the day,
Over the cloudlet dim,
Over the rainbow's rim,
Musical cherub, soar, singing, away!

Then, when the gloaming comes,
Low in the heather blooms,
Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place—
Oh, to abide in the desert with thee!

—JAMES HOGG.

A FAR DISTANT COUNTRY.

ONE winter's evening, as Captain Compass was sitting by the fire-side with his children all around him, little Jack said to him, "Papa, pray tell us some stories about what you have seen in your voyages. I have been vastly entertained, whilst you were abroad, with Gulliver's Travels and the Adventures of Sinbad

the Sailor; and, I think, as you have gone round and round the world, you must have met with things as wonderful as they did."

"No, my dear," said the Captain, "I never met with Liliputians or Brobdignagians, I assure you; nor ever saw the black loadstone mountain, or the valley of diamonds; but, to be sure, I have seen a great variety of people, and their different manners and ways of living; and if it will be any entertainment to you, I will tell you some curious particulars of what I observed."

"Pray do, Papa," cried Jack, and all his brothers and sisters; so they drew close round him, and he said as follows:

"Well, then, I was once, about this time of the year, in a country where it was very cold, and the poor inhabitants had much ado to keep themselves from starving. They were clad partly in the skins of beasts, made smooth and soft by a particular art, but chiefly in garments made from the outer covering of a middle sized quadruped, which they were so cruel as to strip off his back, while he was alive. They dwelt in habitations, part of which where sunk under ground. The materials were either stones, or earth hardened by fire, and so violent in that country, were the storms of wind and rain, that many of them

covered their roofs all over with stones. The walls of their houses had holes to let in the light; but, to prevent the cold air and wet from coming in, these openings were covered with a sort of transparent stone, made artificially of melted sand or flints. As wood was rather scarce, I know not what they would have done for firing, had they not discovered in the bowels of the earth a very extraordinary kind of stone, which, when put among burning wood, caught fire and flamed like a torch."

"Dear me," said Jack, "what a wonderful stone! I suppose it was somewhat like what we call fire-stones, that shine so when we rub them together."

"I don't think fire-stones would burn," replied the Captain; "besides, the others are of a darker color. Well, but their diet too was remarkable. Some of them ate fish, that had been hung up in the smoke, till it was quite dry and hard; and along with it they ate either the roots of plants, or a sort of coarse black cake made of powdered seeds. These were the poorer class: the richer had a white kind of cake, which they were fond of daubing over with a greasy matter, that was the product of a large animal among them. This grease they used, too, in almost all their dishes, and, when fresh, it really was not unpalatable. They likewise devoured the flesh of many birds and beasts, when they could get it; and ate the leaves and other parts of a variety of vegetables growing in the country, some absolutely raw, others variously prepared by the aid of fire. Another great article of food was the curd of milk, pressed into a hard mass and salted. This had so rank a smell, that persons of weak stomachs often could not bear to come near it. For drink they made great use of water, in which certain dry leaves had been steeped. These

leaves, I was told, came from a great distance. They had likewise a method of preparing a grass-like plant steeped in water, with the addition of a bitter herb, and then set to work or ferment. I was prevailed upon to taste it, and thought it at first nauseous enough, but in time I liked it pretty well. When a large quantity of the ingredients is used, it becomes perfectly intoxicating. But what astonished me most was their use of a liquor so excessively hot and pungent that it seemed like liquid fire. I once got a mouthful [redacted] by mistake, taking it for water, which [redacted] resembles in appearance; but I thought it would instantly have taken away my breath. Indeed, people are not unfrequently killed by it; and yet many of them will swallow it greedily whenever they can get it. This, too, is said to be prepared from the seeds above mentioned, which are innocent and salutary in their natural state, though made to yield such a pernicious juice. The strangest custom which I believe prevails in any nation, I found here; which was, that some take a mighty pleasure in filling their mouths full of an abominable smoke; and others, in thrusting a nasty powder up their nostrils."

"I should think it would choke them," said Jack.

"It almost choked me," answered his father, "only to stand by while they did it; but use, it is truly said, is second nature. I was glad enough to leave this cold climate; and about half a year after, I fell in with a people enjoying a delicious temperature of air, and a country full of beauty and verdure. The trees and shrubs were furnished with a great variety of fruits, which, with other vegetable products, constituted a large part of the food of the inhabitants. I particularly relished certain berries growing in bunches, some white and some red, of a pleasant sourish taste, and so transparent that one might see the seed at their very centre. Here were whole fields full of extremely odoriferous flowers, which, they told me, were succeeded by pods bearing seeds, that afforded good nourishment to man and beast. A great variety of birds enlivened the groves and woods; among which I was entertained with one, that, without any teaching, spoke almost as articulately as a parrot, though indeed it was all the repetition of a single word. The people were tolerably gentle and civilised, and possessed many of the arts of life. Their dress was very various. Many were clad only in a thin cloth made of the long fibres of the stalks of a plant cultivated for the purpose, which they prepared by

soaking in water, and then beating with large mallets. Others wore cloth woven from a sort of vegetable wool growing in pods upon bushes. But the most singular material was a fine glossy stuff, used chiefly by the richer classes, which, as I was credibly informed, is manufactured out of the webs of caterpillars; a most wonderful circumstance, if we consider the immense number of caterpillars necessary to the production of so large a quantity of stuff as I saw used. These people are very fantastic in their dress, especially the women, whose apparel consists of a great number of articles impossible to be described, and strangely disguising the natural form of the body. In some instances they seem very cleanly; but in others, the Hottentots can scarce go beyond them; particularly in the management of their hair, which is all matted and stiffened with the fat of the swine and other animals, mixed up with powders of various colors and ingredients. Like most Indian nations, they use feathers in the head-dress. One thing surprised me much, which was, that they bring up in their houses an animal of the tiger kind, with formidable teeth and claws, which, notwithstanding its natural ferocity, is played with and caressed by the most timid and delicate of their women."

"I am sure I would not play with it," said Jack.

"Why, you might chance to get an ugly scratch, if you did," said the Captain. "The language of this nation seems very harsh and unintelligible to a foreigner, yet they converse among one another with great ease and quickness. One of the oddest customs is that which men use on saluting each other. Let the weather be what it will, they uncover their heads, and remain uncovered for some time, if they meet, to be extraordinarily respectful."

"Why, that's like pulling off our hats," said Jack.

"Ah, ha! Papa," cried Betsy, "I have found you out. You have been telling us of our own country, and what is done at home, all this while."

"But," said Jack, "we don't burn stones, or eat grease and powdered seeds, or wear skins and caterpillars' webs, or play with tigers."

"No?" said the Captain; "pray what are coals but stones; and is not butter, grease; and corn, seeds; and leather, skins; and silk, the web of a kind of caterpillar; and may we not as well call a cat an animal of the tiger-kind, as a tiger an animal of the cat-kind? So, if you recollect what I have been describing, you will find, with Betsy's help, that all

the other wonderful things I have told you of are matters familiar among ourselves. But I meant to show you, that a foreigner might easily make every thing appear as strange and wonderful among us, as we could do with respect to his country; and also to make you sensible that we daily call a great many things by their names without enquiring into their nature and properties; so that, in reality, it is only the names, and not the things themselves, with which we are acquainted.

—EVENINGS AT HOME.

WYNKEN, BLYNKEN, AND NOD.

Wynken, Blynken, and Nod, one night,
Sailed off in a wooden shoe—
Sailed on a river of misty light,
Into a river of dew:
"Where are you going, and what do you wish?"
The old moon asked the three;
"We have come to fish for the herring-fish
That live in this beautiful sea;
Nets of silver and gold have we,"
Said Wynken and Blynken and Nod.

The old moon laughed and sang a song,
As they rocked in a wooden shoe—
And the wind that sped them all night long
Ruffled the waves of dew:

"Wynken, Blynken, and Nod, one night,
Sailed off in a wooden shoe."

The little stars were the herring-fish
That lived in that beautiful sea;
"Now cast your nets, wherever you wish—
But never afeared are we,"
So cried the stars to the fishermen three,
Wynken, Blynken, and Nod.

All night long their nets they threw
For the fish in the twinkling foam—
And down from the sky came the wooden shoe,
Bringing the fishermen home.
'Twas all so pretty a sail, it seemed
As if it could not be,
And some folks thought 'twas a dream they dreamed
Of sailing that beautiful sea;
But I shall name you the fishermen three,
Wynken, Blynken, and Nod.

Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes,
And Nod is a little head,
And the wooden shoes that sailed the skies
Is a wee one's trundle bed;
So shut your eyes while mother sings
Of wonderful sights that be,
And you shall see the beautiful things
As you rock on the misty sea,
Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen three,
Wynken, Blynken, and Nod.

—EUGENE FIELD.

WEATHER PROPHET PLANTS.

Once, when I was a little girl, I ran one morning to the garden, and said to the old Scotsman who worked there, "To-day I am going up the mountain for berries."

"No, no, Missey, not to-day," he said; "it will rain."

"No, it will not rain," I said. The sun is up. The cook says it will be fair. The glass in the hall does not say rain."

"Tuts, tuts," said the old man. "I care for no suns, or cooks, or glasses. The pimpernel says it will rain, and so it will rain. Flowers, Missey, always tell the truth. When they say 'rain,' go, get your umbrella."

Sure enough, by noon the rain was pouring down. After that, I looked with great respect

at the tiny flower, sometimes brick red sometimes blue, which could tell about the weather. But the pimpernel is not the only plant that is a weather prophet.

If you go into the garden, and find the African marigold shut after seven o'clock in the morning, you may be pretty sure that there will be a rainy day.

Did you ever see near the wayside the pretty little morning-glory or bind-weed, with its pink and white blossoms? Even if it is wide open, in the early day, it twists its striped cup close together, and droops its head, if a rain cloud drifts across the sky. It seems to want to shield its stamens and pistil from the wet.

There is a little single marigold which shuts up in a hurry if the sky becomes clouded. It is called the "rainy-marigold."

Most plants which we call "weather prophets" shut up for rain. But some plants open for rain. The cause of the opening and closing is probably the difference in light. Most likely these plants shut their flowers because there is too little light, not because there is too much moisture.

But you know there are some plants which shrink from a strong light, and love the shade. You will find that most shade-loving plants, as the verbenas, do not close for rain.

Lilies, tulips, and other flowers that love the sun, shut for rain. The tulip and crocus families are among our best weather prophets. Just as the gay tulip shuts at evening, when the dew begins to fall, so it shuts for a shower.

Tulips are careful not to open their cups very wide in the morning, if it is likely to rain. The roses make no change; they seem not to fear wet.

On the whole, you may be pretty sure, if you go into your garden, and find many flowers—as tulips, marigolds, morning-glories, and celandine—shut, it will be a stormy day, unfit for picnics or long walks.

In the olden days of Art,
Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseen part;
For the Gods see everywhere.

Let us do our work as well,
Both the unseen and the seen;
Make the house, where Gods may dwell,
Beautiful, entire, and clean;

Else our lives are incomplete,
Standing in these walls of Time,
Broken stairways, where the feet
Stumble as they seek to climb.

—Longfellow.

JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

JACK-in-the-Pulpit
Preaches to-day,
Under the green trees
Just over the way.
Squirrel and song-sparrow,
High on their perch,
Hear the sweet lily-bells
Ringing to church.

Come, hear what his reverence
Rises to say,
In his low, painted pulpit,
This calm Sabbath-day.
Fair is the canopy
Over him seen,
Pencilled by Nature's hand
Black, brown, and green.
Green is his surplice,
Green are his hands;
In his queer little pulpit
The little priest stands.

In black and gold velvet,
So gorgeous to see,
Comes with his bass voice
The chorister bee.
Green fingers playing
Unseen on wind-lyres,—
Low singing bird-voices,—
These are his choirs.

The violets are deacons; I know by their sign
That the cups which they carry are purple with wine.
And the columbines bravely as sentinels stand
On the look-out, with all their red trumpets in hand.

Meek-faced anemones drooping and sad;
Great yellow violets smiling out glad;
Buttercups' faces beaming and bright;
Clovers, with bonnets—some red and some white;
Daisies, their white fingers half-clasped in prayer;
Dandelions proud of the gold of their hair;
Innocents, children guileless and frail,
Meek little faces upturned and pale;
Wild-wood geraniums, all in their best,
Languidly leaning in purple gauze dressed;—
All are assembled this sweet Sabbath day
To hear what the priest in his pulpit will say.

Look! white Indian pipes on the green mosses lie!
Who has been smoking profanely so nigh?
Rebuked by the preacher the mischief is stopped,
And the sinners, in haste, have their little pipes dropped.
Let the wind, with the fragrance of fern and black-birch,
Blow the smell of the smoking clean out of the church!

So much for the preacher: the sermon comes next;—
Shall we tell how he preached it, and what was his text?
Alas! like too many grown-up folk who play
At worship in churches man-builded to-day—
We heard not the preacher expound or discuss;
But we looked at the people and they looked at us;

We saw all their dresses, their colors and shapes,
The trim of their bonnets, the cut of their capes;
We heard the wind-organ, the bee and the bird,
But of Jack-in-the-Pulpit we heard not a word!

—JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

TO THE FRINGED GENTIAN.

Thou blossom, bright with autumn dew,
And colored with the heavens' own blue,
That openest when the quiet light
Succeeds the keen and frosty night:

Thou comest not, when violets lean
O'er wandering brooks and springs unseen,
Or columbines, in purple dressed,
Nod o'er the ground-bird's hidden nest.

Thou waitest late and com'st alone,
When woods are bare, and birds are flown,
And frosts and shortening days portend
The aged Year is near his end;

Then doth thy sweet and quiet eye
Look through its fringes to the sky;
Blue—blue, as if that sky let fall
A flower from its cerulean wall.

—[illegible]

THINGS BEAUTIFUL.

BEAUTIFUL lives are those that bless—
Silent rivers of happiness,
Whose hidden fountains but few may guess.

Beautiful twilight at set of sun;
Beautiful goal, with race well won;
Beautiful rest, with work well done.

Beautiful graves where grasses creep,
Where brown leaves fall, where drifts lie deep
Over worn-out hands—O beautiful sleep.

—ANON.

THE IVY GREEN.

OH, a dainty plant is the Ivy Green,
That creepeth o'er ruins old!
Of right choice food are his meals, I ween,
In his cell so lone and cold.
The wall must be crumbled, the stone decayed,
To please his dainty whim;
And the mouldering dust that years have made
Is a merry meal for him.
Creeping where no life is seen,
A rare old plant is the Ivy Green.

Fast he steals on though he wears no wings,
And a stanch old heart has he;
How closely he twineth, how tight he clings
To his friend, the huge Oak-tree!
And slyly he traileth along the ground,
And his leaves he gently waves,

As he joyously hugs, and crawleth around,
The rich mould of dead men's graves.
Creeping where grim death has been,
A rare old plant is the Ivy Green.

Whole ages have fled, and their works decayed,
And nations have scattered been,
But the stout old Ivy shall never fade
From its hale and hearty green.
The brave old plant in its lonely days
Shall fatten upon the past;
For the stateliest building man can raise
Is the Ivy's food at last.
Creeping on where time has been,
A rare old plant is the Ivy Green.

—CHARLES DICKENS.

THE LITTLE POST BOY.

In my travels about the world, I have made the acquaintance of a great many children, and I might tell you many things about their dress, their speech, and their habits of life, in the different countries I have visited. I presume, however, that you would rather hear me relate some of my adventures in which children participated, so that the story and the information shall be given together.

This one shall be the story of my adventure with a little post-boy, in the northern part of

Sweden. Very few foreigners travel in Sweden in the winter, on account of the intense cold.

I made my journey in the winter because I was on my way to Lapland, where it is easier to travel when the swamps and rivers are frozen, and the reindeer sleds can fly along over the smooth snow. It was very cold indeed, the greater part of the time; the days were short and dark, and if I had not found the people so kind, so cheerful, and so honest, I should have felt inclined to turn back more than once.

But I do not think there are better people in the world than those who live in Norrland, which is a Swedish province, commencing about two hundred miles north of Stockholm.

They are a tall, strong race, with yellow hair and bright blue eyes, and the handsomest teeth I ever saw. They live plainly, but very comfortably, in snug wooden houses, with double windows and doors to keep out the cold.

Here there are neither railroads nor stages, but the government has established post-stations at distances varying from ten to twenty miles. At each station a number of horses are kept, but generally the traveler has his own sled, and simply hires the horses from one station to another.

I had my own little sled, filled with hay and

covered with reindeer skins to keep me warm. So long as the weather was not too cold, it was very pleasant to speed along through the dark forests, over the frozen rivers, or past farm after farm in the sheltered valleys, up hill and down, until long after the stars came out, and then get a warm supper in some dark-red post cottage, while the cheerful people sang or told stories around the fire.

At first the thermometer fell to zero; then it went down ten degrees below; then twenty, and finally thirty. Being dressed in thick furs from head to foot, I did not suffer greatly; but I was very glad when the people assured me that such extreme cold never lasted more than two or three days.

Boys of twelve or fourteen very often went with me to bring back their fathers' horses, and so long as those lively, red-cheeked fellows could face the weather, it would not do for me to be afraid.

One night there was a wonderful aurora in the sky. The streamers of red and blue light darted hither and thither, chasing each other up to the zenith and down again to the northern horizon, with a rapidity and a brilliance which I had never seen before. "There will be a storm soon," said my post-boy; "one always comes after these lights."

Next morning the sky was overcast, and the short day was as dark as our twilight. But it was not quite so cold, and I traveled onward as fast as possible. There was a long tract of wide and thinly settled country before me, and I wished to get through it before stopping for the night. At seven o'clock in the evening I had still one more station of three Swedish miles before reaching the village where I intended to spend the night. Now, a Swedish mile is nearly equal to seven English miles, so that this station was at least twenty miles long.

I decided to take supper while the horse was eating his feed. They had not expected any more travelers at the station and were not prepared. The keeper had gone on with two lumber merchants; but his wife—a friendly, rosy-faced woman—prepared me some excellent coffee, potatoes, and stewed reindeer meat, upon which I made a very good meal.

I did not feel inclined to go forth into the wintry storm, but, having set my mind on reaching the village that night, I was loath to turn back.

"It is a bad night," said the woman, "and my husband will certainly stay at Umea until morning. Lars will take you, and they can come back together."

"Who is Lars?" I asked.

"My son," said she. "He is getting the horse ready. There is nobody else about the house to-night."

Just then the door opened, and in came Lars. He was about twelve years old; but his face was so rosy, his eyes so clear and round and blue, and his golden hair was blown back from his face in such silky curls, that he appeared to be even younger. I was surprised that his mother should be willing to send him twenty miles through the dark woods on such a night.

"Come here, Lars," I said. Then I took him by the hand, and asked, "Are you not afraid to go so far to-night?"

He looked at me with wondering eyes and smiled; and his mother made haste to say:- "You need have no fear, sir. Lars is young; but he'll take you safe enough. If the storm don't get worse, you'll be at Umea by eleven o'clock."

While I was deliberating with myself the boy had put on his overcoat of sheepskin, tied the lappets of his fur cap under his chin, and a thick woolen scarf around his nose and mouth, so that only the round blue eyes were visible; and then his mother took down the mittens of hare's fur from the stove, where they had been hung to dry. He put them on, took a short leather whip, and was ready.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

I wrapped myself in my furs, and we went out together. The driving snow cut me in the face like needles, but Lars did not mind it in the least. He jumped into the sled, which he had filled with fresh, soft hay, tucked in the reindeer skins at the sides, and we cuddled together on the narrow seat, making everything close and warm before we set out. I could not see at all.

The night was dark, the snow blew incessantly, and the dark fir-trees roared all around us. Lars, however, knew the way, and somehow or other we kept the beaten track. He talked to the horse so constantly and so cheerfully that after awhile my own spirits began to rise, and the way seemed neither so long nor so disagreeable.

"Ho there, Axel!" he would say. "Keep the road,—not too far to the left. Well done. Here's a level: now trot a bit."

So we went on,—sometimes up hill, sometimes down hill,—for a long time, as it seemed. I began to grow chilly, and even Lars handed me the reins, while he swung and beat his arms to keep the blood in circulation. He no longer sang little songs and fragments of hymns, as when we first set out; but he was not in the least alarmed or even impatient. Whenever I asked (as I did about every five minutes), "Are we nearly there?" he always answered, "A little farther."

Suddenly the wind seemed to increase.

"Ah," said he, "now I know where we are: it's one mile more." But one mile, you must remember, meant seven.

Lars checked the horse and peered anxiously from side to side in the darkness. I looked also, but could see nothing.

"What is the matter?" I finally asked.

"We have got past the hills on the left," he said. "The country is open to the wind, and here the snow drifts worse than anywhere else on the road. If there have been no ploughs out to-night we'll have trouble."

In less than a quarter of an hour we could see that the horse was sinking in the deep

snow. He plunged bravely forward, but made scarcely any headway, and presently became so exhausted that he stood quite still. Lars and I arose from the sled and looked around. For my part, I saw nothing except some very indistinct shapes of trees; there was no sign of an opening through them. In a few minutes the horse started again, and with great labor carried us a few yards farther.

"Shall we get out and try to find the road?" said I.

"It's as safe," Lars answered. "In these new drifts we would sink to the waist. Wait a little and we shall get through this one."

It was as he said. Another pull brought us through the deep part of the drift, and we reached a place where the snow was quite shallow. But it was not the hard, smooth surface of the road: we could feel that the ground was uneven and covered with roots and bushes.

Bidding Axel stand still, Lars jumped out of the sled and began wading around among the trees. Then I got out on the other side, but had not proceeded ten steps before I began to sink so deeply into the loose snow that I was glad to extricate myself and return. It was a desperate situation, and I wondered how we should ever get out.

I shouted to Lars, in order to guide him, and it was not long before he also came back to the sled. "If I knew where the road is," said he, "I could get into it again. But I don't know; and I think we must stay here all night."

"We shall freeze to death in an hour!" I cried. I was already chilled to the bone. The wind had made me very drowsy, and I knew that if I slept I should soon be frozen.

"Oh, no!" exclaimed Lars, cheerfully. "I am a Norrlander, and Norrlanders never freeze. I went with the men to the bear hunt last winter up on the mountains, and we were several nights in the snow. Besides, I know what my father did with a gentleman from Stockholm on this very road, and we'll do it to-night."

"What was it?"

"Let me take care of Axel first," said Lars. "We can spare him some hay and one reindeer skin."

It was a slow task to unharness the horse but we did it at last. Lars then led him under a fir-tree, and tied him to a branch, gave him some hay, and fastened the reindeer skin upon his back.

When this was done, Lars spread the remaining hay evenly over the bottom of

the sled and covered it with the skins, which he tucked in very firmly on the side towards the wind. Then, lifting them on the other side, he said: "Now take off your fur coat, quick, lay it over the hay and then creep under it."

I obeyed as rapidly as possible. For an instant I shuddered in the icy air; but the next moment I lay stretched in the bottom of the sled, sheltered from the storm. I held up the ends of the reindeer skins while Lars took off his coat and crept in beside me. Then we drew the skins down and pressed the hay against them.

When the wind seemed to be entirely excluded, Lars said we must pull off our boots, untie our scarfs, and so loosen our clothes that they would not feel tight upon any part of the body. When this was done, and we lay close together, warming each other, I found that the chill gradually passed out of my blood.

A delightful feeling of comfort crept over me, and I lay as snugly as in the best bed. I was surprised to find that, although my head was covered, I did not feel stifled. Enough air came in under the skins to prevent us from feeling oppressed.

There was barely room for the two of us

to lie, with no chance of turning over or rolling about. In five minutes, I think, we were asleep, and I dreamed of gathering peaches on a warm August day at home. In fact, I did not wake up thoroughly during the night; neither did Lars, though it seemed to me that we both talked in our sleep.

Just as I was beginning to feel a little cramped and stiff from lying so still, I was suddenly aroused by the cold wind on my face. Lars had risen upon his elbow and was peeping out from under the skins.

"I think it must be near six o'clock," he said. "The sky is clear, and I can see the big star. We can start in another hour."

I felt so much refreshed that I was for setting out immediately; but Lars remarked very sensibly, that it was not yet possible to find the road. While we were talking Axel neighed.

"There they are!" cried Lars, and immediately began to put on his boots, his scarf and heavy coat. I did the same, and by the time we were ready we heard shouts and the crack of whips. We harnessed Axel to the sled, and proceeded slowly in the direction of the sounds, which came, as we presently saw, from a company of farmers, out thus early to plough the road.

After they had passed along merrily in the cold, moonlight; and in little more than an hour reached the post-house.

—BAYARD TAYLOR.

THE LAPLANDER.

With blue cold nose, and wrinkled brow,
Traveler, whence comest thou?
From Lapland's woods, and hills of frost,
By the rapid reindeer crost;
Where tapering grows the gloomy fir,
And the stunted juniper;
Where the wild hare and the crow
Whiten in surrounding snow;
Where the shivering huntsmen tear
Their fur coats from the grim white bear;
Where the wolf and northern fox
Prowl among the lonely rocks,
And tardy suns to deserts drear,
Give days and nights of half a year;
From icy oceans, where the whales
Toss in foam their lashing tails;
Where the snorting sea-horse shows
His ivory teeth in grinning rows;
Where, trembling in their sealskin coat,
Fearless, the hungry fishers float,
And, from teeming seas, supply
The food their niggard plains deny.

EXCELSIOR.

The shades of night were falling fast,
As through an Alpine village passed
A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
A banner with the strange device,
Excelsior!

His brow was sad; his eye beneath,
Flashed like a falchion from its sheath,
And like a silver clarion rung
The accents of that unknown tongue,
Excelsior!

In happy homes he saw the light
Of household fires gleam warm and bright;
Above, the spectral glaciers shone,
And from his lips escaped a groan,
Excelsior!

"Try not the pass!" the old man said;
"Dark lowers the tempest overhead,
The roaring torrent is deep and wide!"
And loud that clarion voice replied,
Excelsior!

"O stay," the maiden said, "and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast!"
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
But still he answered with a sigh,
Excelsior!

"Beware the pine-tree's withered branch!
Beware the awful avalanche!"
This was the peasant's last good-night,
A voice replied, far up the height,
Excelsior!

At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of Saint Bernard
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the startled air,
Excelsior!

A traveller, by the faithful hound,
Half-buried in the snow was found,

Still grasping in his hand of ice
That banner with the strange device,
Excelsior!

There in the twilight cold and gray,
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay,
And from the sky, serene and far,
A voice fell like a falling star,
Excelsior!

—HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

SELF-DENIAL.

THE clock had just struck nine, and Harry recollected, that his mother had desired them not to sit up a moment after the clock struck. He reminded his elder brother of this order.

"Never mind," said Frank, "here is a famous fire, and I shall stay and enjoy it."

"Yes," said Harry, "here is a famous fire, and I should like to stay and enjoy it; but that would not be self-denial, would it, Frank?"

"Nonsense," said Frank, "I shall not stir yet, I promise you."

"Then, good night to you," said Harry.

Six o'clock was the time at which the brothers were expected to rise. When it struck six the next morning, Harry started up; but the air felt so frosty, that he had a strong inclination to lie down again. "But no," thought he, "here is a fine opportunity for self-denial;" and up he jumped without farther hesitation.

"Frank, Frank," said he to his sleeping brother, "past six o'clock, and a fine star-light morning!"

"Let me alone!" cried Frank, in a cross, drowsy voice.

"Very well, then, a pleasant nap to you," said Harry, and down he ran as gay as the

lark. After finishing his Latin exercise, he had time to take a pleasant walk before breakfast; so that he came in fresh and rosy, with a good appetite, and, what was still better, in a good humor. But poor Frank, who had just tumbled out of bed when the bell rang for prayer, came down looking pale and cross and cold and discontented. Harry, who had some sly drollery of his own, was just beginning to rally him on his forlorn appearance, when he recollected his resolution: "Frank does not like to be laughed at, especially when he is cross," thought he; so he suppressed his joke; and it requires some self-denial even to suppress a joke.

During breakfast his father promised that, if the weather continued fine, Harry should ride out with him before dinner on the grey pony. Harry was much delighted with this proposal; and the thought of it occurred to him very often during the business of the morning. The sun shone cheerily in at the parlor windows, and seemed to promise fair for a fine day. About noon, however, it became rather cloudy, and Harry was somewhat startled to perceive a few large drops upon the flag-stones in the court. He equipped himself, nevertheless, in his great coat at the time appointed, and stood playing

with his whip in the hall, waiting to see the horses led out. His mother, now passing by, said, "My dear boy, I am afraid there can be no riding this morning; do you see that the stones are quite wet?"

"Dear mother," said Harry, "you surely do not imagine that I am afraid of a few drops of rain; besides, it will be no more than a shower at any rate." Just then his father came in, who looked first at the clouds, then at the barometer, and then at Harry, and shook his head.

"You intend to go, papa, don't you?" said Harry.

"I must go, I have business to do; but I believe, Harry, it will be better for you to stay at home this morning," said the father.

"But, Sir," repeated Harry, "do you think it possible, now, that this little sprinkling of rain should do me the least harm in the world, with my great coat and all?"

"Yes, Harry," said his father, "I do think that even this sprinkling of rain may do you harm, as you have not been quite well; I think too, it will be more than a sprinkling. But you shall decide on this occasion for yourself; I know you have some self-command. I shall only tell you, that your going this morning, would make your mother uneasy,

and that we both think it improper; now determine." Harry again looked at the clouds, at the stones, at his boots, and last of all at his kind mother, and then he recollected himself. "This," thought he, "is the best opportunity for self-denial, that I have had to-day;" and he immediately ran to tell Roger, that he need not saddle the grey pony.

"I should like another, I think, mother," said Frank, that day at dinner, just as he had dispatched a large hemisphere of mince pie.

"Any more for you, my dear Harry?" said his mother.

"If you please; no, thank you, though," said Harry, withdrawing his plate; "for," thought he, "I have had enough, and more than enough, to satisfy my hunger; and now is the time for self-denial."

"Brother Harry," said his little sister after dinner, "when will you show me how to do that pretty puzzle you said you would show me a long time ago?"

"I am busy, now, child," said Harry, "don't tease me now, there's a good girl." She said no more, but looked disappointed, and still hung upon her brother's chair.

"Come, then," said he, suddenly recollecting himself, "bring me your puzzle," and laying down his book, he very good-naturedly showed his little sister how to place it.

That night, when the two boys were going to bed, Harry called to mind with some complacency the several instances in which, in the course of the day, he had exercised self-denial, and he was on the very point of communicating them to his brother Frank. "But no," thought he, "this is another opportunity still for self-denial; I will not say a word about it; besides, to boast of it would spoil all." So Harry lay down quietly, making the following sage reflections: "This has been a pleasant day to me, although I have had one great disappointment, and done several things against my will. I find that self-denial is painful for a moment, but very agreeable in the end; and, if I proceed on this plan every day, I shall stand a good chance of leading a happy life."

—JANE TAYLOR.

AN INCIDENT AT RATISBON.

"You know, we French stormed Ratisbon:
A mile or so away,
On a little mound, Napoleon
Stood on our storming day;
With neck out-thrust, you fancy how,
Legs wide, arms locked behind,
As if to balance the prone brow
Oppressive with its mind.

Just as perhaps he mused, "My plans
That soar, to earth may fall,
Let once my army-leader, Lannes,
Waver at yonder wall,"—
Out 'twixt the battery-smokes there flew
A rider, bound on bound
Full galloping; nor bridle drew
Until he reached the mound.

Then off there flung in smiling joy,
And held himself erect
By just his horse's mane, a boy:
You hardly could suspect,—
(So tight he kept his lips compressed,
Scarce any blood came through,)
You looked twice ere you saw his breast
Was all but shot in two.

"Well," cried he, "Emperor, by God's grace
We've got you Ratisbon!
The Marshal's in the market-place,
And you'll be there anon
To see your flag-bird flap his vans
Where I, to heart's desire,
Perched him!" The chief's eye flashed; his plans
Soared up again like fire.

The chief's eye flashed; but presently
Softened itself, as sheathes
A film the mother-eagle's eye
When her bruised eaglet breathes:
"You're wounded!" "Nay," his soldier's pride
Touched to the quick, he said:
"I'm killed, Sire!" And, his chief beside,
Smiling, the boy fell dead.

—ROBERT BROWNING.

A PSALM OF LIFE.

TELL me not, in mournful numbers,
"Life is but an empty dream!"
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
"Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act,—act in the living Present!
Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time:

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er Life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

—[illegible]

MAKING MAPLE SUGAR.

I THINK there is no part of farming which the boy enjoys more than the making of maple-sugar. It is better than blackberrying, and nearly as good as fishing; and one reason why he likes this work is, that somebody else does the most of it. It is a sort of work in which he can appear to be very active, and yet not do much.

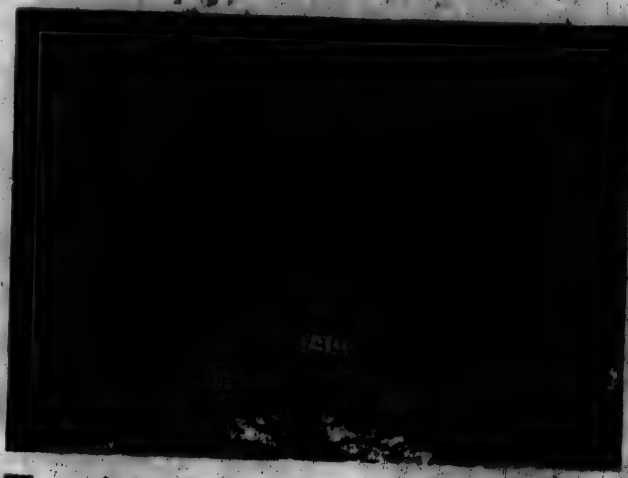
In my day, maple-sugar making used to be something between picnicking and being shipwrecked on a fertile island, where one should save from the wreck, tubs, and augers, and great kettles, and pork, and hens' eggs, and rye-and-Indian bread, and begin at once to lead the sweetest life in the world.

I am told that it is something different now-a-days, and that there is more desire to save the sap, and make good pure sugar, and sell it for a large price, than there used to be; and that the old fun and picturesqueness of the business are pretty much gone. I am told that it is the custom to carefully collect the sap and bring it to the house, where are built brick arches, over which the sap is evaporated in shallow pans; and that care is taken to keep the leaves, sticks, ashes, and

coals out of it, and that the sugar is clarified; that, in short, it is a money-making business, in which there is very little fun; and that the boy is not allowed to dip his paddle into the kettle of boiling sugar and lick off the delicious syrup. The prohibition may improve the sugar, but not the sport of the boy.

As I remember the farmer boy (and I am very intimate with one) he used to be on the *qui vive* in the spring for the sap to begin running. I think he discovered it as soon as anybody. Perhaps he knew it by a feeling of something starting in his own veins,—a sort of spring stir in his legs and arms, which tempted him to stand on his head, or throw a hand-spring, if he could find a spot of ground from which the snow had melted.

The sap stirs early in the legs of a country boy, and shows itself in uneasiness in the toes, which get tired of boots, and want to come out and touch the soil just as soon as the sun has warmed it a little. The country boy goes bare-foot just as naturally as the trees burst their buds in spring. Perhaps the boy has been out digging into the maple trees with his jack-knife; at any rate, he comes running into the house in a state of great excitement—as if he had heard a hen cackle in the barn—with, "Sap's runnin'!"



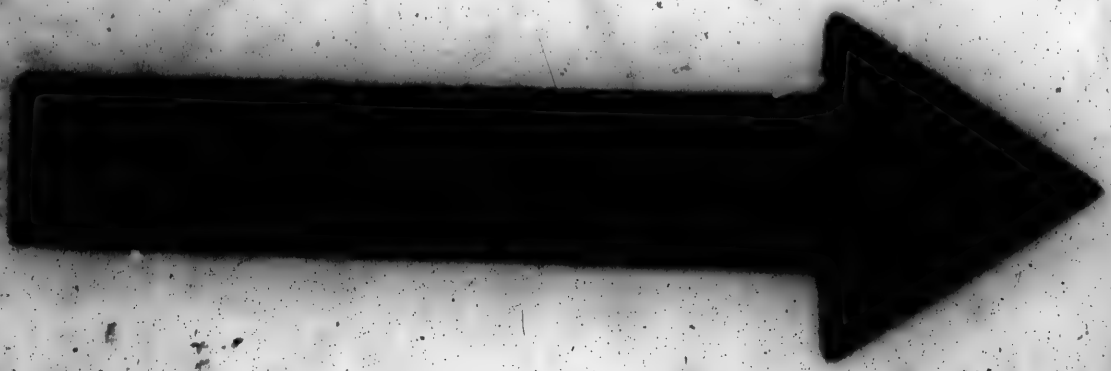
Then, indeed, the stir and excitement begin. The sap-buckets, which have been stored in the garret over the wood-house, are brought down and set out on the south side of the house and scalded. The snow is still a foot or two feet deep in the woods, and the ox-sled is taken out to make a road to the sugar-camp, and the campaign begins. The boy is everywhere present, superintending everything, asking questions, and filled with a desire to help on the excitement.

It is a great day when the sled is loaded with the buckets, and the procession starts for the woods. The sun shines almost unobstructedly into the forest, for there are only naked branches to bar it; the snow is beginning to sink down, leaving the young

bushes spindling up everywhere; the snow-birds are twittering about, and the noise of shouting, and the blows of the [illegible] far and wide.

This is spring, and the boy [illegible] contain his delight that his out-[illegible] is about to begin again. In the first place, the men go about and tap the trees, drive in the spouts, and put the buckets under. The boy watches all these operations with the greatest interest. He wishes that sometimes, when a hole is bored in a tree, the sap would spout out in a stream, as it does when a cider barrel is tapped; but it never does; it only drops; sometimes almost in a stream, but, on the whole, slowly; and the boy learns that the sweet things of the world do not usually come otherwise than drop by drop.

Then the camp is to be cleared of snow. The shanty is re-covered with boughs. In front of it two enormous logs are rolled nearly together, and a fire is built between them. Upright posts with crotches at the top are set, one at each end, and a long pole is laid on them, and on this are hung the great cauldron kettles. The huge hogsheads are turned right side up and cleaned out, to receive the sap that is gathered. And now, if there is a good "sap run," the establishment is under full headway.



MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART
(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)

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The great fire that is kindled in the sugar-camp is not allowed to go out, night or day, so long as the sugar season lasts. Somebody is always cutting wood to feed it; somebody is busy most of the time gathering in the sap; somebody is required to fill the kettles and see that the sap does not boil over. It is not the boy, however; he is too busy with things in general to be of any use in details. He has his own little sap-yoke and small pails, with which he gathers the sweet liquid. He has a little boiling-place of his own, with small logs and a tiny kettle.

In the great kettles, the boiling goes on slowly, and the liquid, as it thickens, is dipped from one to another, until in the end-kettle it is reduced to syrup, and is taken out to cool and settle, until enough is made to "sugar off." To "sugar off" is to boil the syrup till it is thick enough to crystallize into sugar. This is the grand event, and is only done once in two or three days.

But the boy's desire is to "sugar off" perpetually. He boils his syrup down as rapidly as possible; he is not particular about chips, scum, or ashes; he is apt to burn his sugar; but if he can get enough to make a little wax on the snow, or to scrape from the bottom of the kettle with his wooden paddle, he is happy.

A great deal is wasted on his hands and the outside of his face and on his clothes; but he does not care; he is not stingy.

To watch the operations of the big fire gives him constant pleasure. Sometimes he is left to watch the boiling kettles. He has a piece of pork tied on the end of a stick, which he dips into the boiling mass when it threatens to go over. He is constantly tasting the sap to see if it is not almost syrup. He has a long round stick, whittled smooth at one end, which he uses for this purpose, at the constant risk of burning his tongue. The smoke blows in his face; he is grimy with ashes; he is altogether such a mass of dirt, stickiness, and sweetness, that his own mother wouldn't know him. He likes, with the hired man, to boil eggs in the hot sap; he likes to roast potatoes in the ashes; and he would live in the camp day and night if he were permitted.

Some of the hired men sleep in the shanty and keep the fire blazing all night. To sleep there with them, and awake in the night and hear the wind in the trees, and see the sparks fly up to the sky, is a perfect realization of all the adventures he has ever read. He tells the other boys, afterwards, that he heard something in the night that sounded very

much like a bear. The hired man says that he was very much scared by the hooting of an owl.

The great occasions for the boy, though, are the times of "sugaring off." Sometimes this used to be done in the evening, and it was made the excuse for a frolic in the camp. The neighbors were invited, and sometimes even the pretty girls from the village, who filled all the woods with their sweet voices and merry laughter and little affectations of fright. The white snow still lies on all the ground except the warm spot about the camp. The tree branches all show distinctly in the light of the fire, which sends its ruddy glare far into the darkness, and lights up the bough shanty, the hogsheads, the buckets on the trees, and the group about the boiling kettles, until the scene is like something taken out of a fairy play.

At these sugar parties every one was expected to eat as much sugar as possible, and those who are practised in it can eat a great deal. It is a peculiarity about eating warm maple sugar that, though you may eat so much of it one day as to be sick, you will want it the next day more than ever.

At the "sugaring off" they used to pour the hot sugar upon the snow, where it congealed

into a sort of wax, which I do suppose is the most delicious substance that was ever invented. And it takes a great while to eat it. If one should close his teeth firmly on a ball of it he would be unable to open his mouth until it dissolved. The sensation while it is melting is very pleasant, but one cannot converse.

The boy used to make a big lump of it and give it to the dog, who seized it and closed his jaws on it, as dogs will on anything. It was funny the next moment to see the expression of perfect surprise on the dog's face when he found that he could not open his jaws. He shook his head; he sat down in despair; he ran round in a circle; he dashed into the woods and back again. He did everything except climb a tree and howl. It would have been such a relief to him if he could have howled; but that was the one thing he could not do.

—CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming;
We may not live to see the day,
But earth shall glisten in the ray
Of the good time coming.

—Charles Mackay.

THE BAREFOOT BOY.

Blessings on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy with cheek of tan!
With thy turned-up pantaloons,
And thy merry whistled tunes;
With thy red lip, redder still
Kissed by strawberries on the hill;
With the sunshine on thy face,
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace;
From my heart I give thee joy,—
I was once a barefoot boy!

O for boyhood's painless play,
Sleep that wakes in laughing day,
Health that mocks the doctor's rules,
Knowledge, never learned of schools,

Of the wild bee's morning chase,
Of the wild flower's time and place,
Flight of fowl and habitude
Of the tenants of the wood;
How the tortoise bears his shell,
How the woodchuck digs his cell,
And the ground-mole sinks his well;
How the robin feeds her young,
How the oriole's nest is hung;
Where the whitest lilies blow,
Where the freshest berries grow,
Where the groundnut trails its vine,
Where the wood-grape's clusters shine
Of the black wasp's cunning way,
Mason of his walls of clay,
And the architectural plans
Of gray hornet artisans!—
For, eschewing books and tasks,
Nature answers all he asks;
Hand in hand with her he walks,
Face to face with her he talks,
Part and parcel of her joy,—
Blessings on the barefoot boy!

O for festal dainties spread,
Like my bowl of milk and bread,—
Pewter spoon and bowl of wood,
On the door-stone gray and rude!
O'er me, like a regal tent,
Cloudy-ribbed, the sunset bent,
Purple-curtained, fringed with gold,
Looped in many a wind-swung fold;

While for music came the play
Of the pied frogs' orchestra;
And, to light the noisy choir,
Lit the fly his lamp of fire.
I was monarch: pomp and joy
Waited on the barefoot boy!

Cheerily, then, my little man,
Live and laugh, as boyhood can!
Though the flinty slopes be hard,
Stubble-speared the new-mown sward,
Every morn shall lead thee through
Fresh baptisms of the dew;
Every evening from thy feet
Shall the cool wind kiss the heat:
All too soon these feet must hide
In the prison cells of pride,
Lose the freedom of the sod,
Like a colt's for work be shod,
Made to tread the mills of toil,
Up and down in ceaseless moil:
Happy if their track be found
Never on forbidden ground;
Happy if they sink not in
Quick and treacherous sands of sin.
Ah! that thou couldst know thy joy,
Ere it passes, barefoot boy!

—JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

TWENTY YEARS AGO.

I've wandered in the village, Tom, I've sat beneath the tree,
Upon the school-house playing-ground, which shelter'd you and me,
But none were there to greet me, Tom, and few were left to know,
That play'd with us upon the green some twenty years ago.

The grass is just as green, Tom,—barefooted boys at play
Were sporting just as we did then, with spirits just as gay;
But the master sleeps upon the hill, which, coated o'er with snow,
Afforded us a sliding-place, just twenty years ago.

The old school-house is alter'd now, the benches are replaced
By new ones very like the same our pen-knives had defaced;
But the same old bricks are in the wall, the bell swings to and fro,—
Its music just the same, dear Tom, as twenty years ago.

The spring that bubbled 'neath the hill, close by the spreading beech,
Is very low,—'twas once so high that we could almost reach;

And kneeling down to get a drink, dear Tom, I started so,
To see how much that I had changed since twenty years ago.

Near by the spring, upon the elm, you know I cut your name,—
Your sweetheart's just beneath it, Tom,—and you did mine the same;
Some heartless wretch hath peel'd the bark—'twas dying sure but slow,
Just as the one whose name we cut, died twenty years ago.

My eyelids had been dry, Tom, but tears came in my eyes,
I thought of her I loved so well—those early broken ties;
I visited the old churchyard, and took some flowers to strew
Upon the graves of those we loved some twenty years ago.

And some are in the churchyard laid—some sleep beneath the sea,
But few are left of all our class, excepting you and me;
And when our time shall come, Tom, and we are call'd to go,
I hope they'll lay us where we play'd just twenty years ago.

THE LION AND THE SPANIEL.

EVERYBODY was talking about the great lion and the little dog at the Tower, and the friendship between them; so we made up our minds to go too.

The great cage in front was occupied by a beast, which was called the king's lion; and, while he ceaselessly walked up and down from end to end of his straitened dominions, he was attended by a small and very beautiful black spaniel, that frisked and jumped and gamboled about him. At one time it would pretend to snarl and bite at the lion; at another, the noble animal, with an air of fondness, would hold down his head, while the tiny creature licked his terrible chaps. The keeper told us the story about them.

It was the custom for all who were unable or unwilling to pay their sixpence, to bring a dog or a cat as an offering to the beast in place of money to the keeper. Among others, a cruel lad had caught up this pretty black spaniel in the streets, and thrown it into the cage of the great lion. The little animal trembled and shivered with fear, and threw itself on its back. It then put out its tongue, and held its paws, as if praying for mercy.

In the meantime the lordly brute, instead of devouring it as usual, looked at it with an eye of cool curiosity. He turned it over with one paw, and then with the other; sniffed at it, and seemed desirous of courting a further acquaintance.

The keeper, on seeing this, brought a large mess of his own family dinner; but the lion kept aloof, and refused to eat, fixing his eye on the dog, and, as it were, inviting him to eat. At length, the little animal's fears being somewhat abated, and his appetite quickened by the smell of the victuals, he approached slowly, and trembling ventured to eat. The lion then advanced gently and began to join him, and they finished their meal very lovingly together.

From this day the closest friendship continued between them—a friendship of all possible

affection and tenderness on the part of the lion, and of the utmost confidence and boldness on the part of the dog, insomuch that he would lie down to sleep within the paws and under the jaws of his terrible patron.

A gentleman who had lost the spaniel, and had advertised a reward of two guineas to the finder, at length heard of the adventure and went to claim his dog. "You see, sir," said the keeper, "it would be a great pity to part such loving friends; however, if you insist upon your property being restored, you must be so good as to take him yourself: I would not try it myself for five hundred guineas." The gentleman of course declined the risk of a fight with the lion.

In about twelve months the little spaniel sickened and died, and left its loving protector the most desolate of creatures. For a time the lion appeared to believe that his pet was only asleep. He would keep smelling the body, then would stir it with his nose, and turn it over with his paws.

But finding that all his efforts to awaken the dog were vain, he would walk along his cage from end to end at a swift and uneasy pace, then stop, then look down with a fixed and drooping gaze, then raise his head, and open his terrible throat, and utter a prolonged roar as of distant thunder for minutes together.

They tried to take away the carcass from him, but they could not; he watched it constantly, and would allow no one to touch it. The keeper then tried to tempt him with different kinds of food, but he turned with loathing from all that was offered. They then put several living dogs into his cage, and these he instantly tore piecemeal, but left their bodies untasted on the floor.

In his terrible passion he would dart his claws into the boards and wrench away large splinters, and again grapple and shake the bars of his cage till they were nearly torn down. Again, quite exhausted, he would stretch himself by the remains of his friend, gather them in with his paws, and hug them. All this while he uttered under-roars of terrible melancholy for the loss of his little play-fellow—the only friend, the only companion, that he had upon earth.

For five days he thus languished, and gradually declined, always refusing to take any food, or to accept any comfort. At last, one morning, he was found dead, with his head lovingly reclined on the body of his little friend. They were buried together, and over their grave the keeper and the keeper's family shed many sad tears.

HELVELLYN.

I CLIMB'D the dark brow of the mighty Helvellyn;
Lakes and mountains beneath me gleam'd misty and wide;
All was still, save by fits, when the eagle was yelling,
And starting around me the echoes replied.
On the right, Striden-edge round the Red-tarn was bending,
And Catchedicam its left verge was defending,
One huge nameless rock in the front was ascending,
When I mark'd the sad spot where the wanderer had died.

Dark green was that spot 'mid the brown mountain-heather,
Where the Pilgrim of Nature lay stretch'd in decay,
Like the corpse of an outcast abandon'd to weather,
Till the mountain winds wasted the tenantless clay.
Nor yet quite deserted, though lonely extended,
For, faithful in death, his mute favorite attended,
The much-loved remains of her master defended,
And chased the hill-fox and the raven away.

How long didst thou think that his silence was slumber?
When the wind waved his garment, how oft didst thou start?
How many long days and long weeks didst thou number,
Ere he faded before thee, the friend of thy heart?

And, oh! was it meet, that—no requiem read o'er him—
No mother to weep, and no friend to deplore him,
And thou, little guardian, alone stretch'd before him—
Unhonor'd the Pilgrim from life should depart?

When a Prince to the fate of the Peasant has yielded,
The tapestry waves dark round the dim-lighted hall;
With scutcheons of silver the coffin is shielded,
And pages stand mute by the canopied pall;
Through the courts at deep midnight the torches are gleaming,
In the proudly-arch'd chapel the banners are beaming,
Far adown the long aisle sacred music is streaming,
Lamenting a Chief of the people should fall.

But meeter for thee, gentle lover of nature,
To lay down thy head like the meek mountain lamb,
When, wilder'd, he drops from some cliff huge in stature,
And draws his last sob by the side of his dam.
And more stately thy couch by this desert lake lying,
Thy obsequies sung by the grey plover flying,
With one faithful friend but to witness thy dying,
In the arms of Helvellyn and Catchedicam.

—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

This world is full of beauty,
Like other worlds above,
And if we did our duty,
It might be full of love.

THE ARAB AND HIS STEED.

My beautiful! my beautiful! that standest meekly by,
With thy proudly arch'd and glossy neck, and dark and fiery eye;
Fret not to roam the desert now, with all thy winged speed,
I may not mount on thee again—thou'rt sold, my Arab steed.

Fret not with that impatient hoof, snuff not the breezy wind,
The further that thou fliest now, so far am I behind;

The stranger hath thy bridle-rein—thy master hath his gold—
Fleet-limb'd and beautiful! farewell! thou'rt sold, my steed, thou'rt sold!

Farewell! those free untired limbs full many a mile must roam,
To reach the chill and wintry sky which clouds the stranger's home:
Some other hand, less fond, must now thy corn and bed prepare;
The silky mane I braided once must be another's care.

The morning sun shall dawn again, but never more with thee
Shall I gallop through the desert paths, where we were wont to be:
Evening shall darken on the earth; and o'er the sandy plain
Some other steed, with slower step, shall bear me home again.

Yes, thou must go! the wild free breeze, the brilliant sun and sky,
Thy master's home—from all of these my exiled one must fly.
Thy proud, dark eye will grow less proud, thy step become less fleet,
And vainly shalt thou arch thy neck, thy master's hand to meet.

Only in sleep shall I behold that dark eye glancing bright;
Only in sleep shall hear again that step so firm and light;
And when I raise my dreaming arm to check or cheer thy speed,
Then must I, starting, wake to feel—thou'rt sold, my Arab steed!

Ah! rudely then, unseen by me, some cruel hand may chide,
Till foam-wreaths lie like crested waves, along thy panting side,
And the rich blood that's in thee swells in thy indignant pain,
Till careless eyes, which rest on thee, may count each started vein.

Will they ill-use thee? If I thought—but no, it cannot be—
Thou art so swift, yet easy curbed; so gentle, yet so free.
And yet, if haply, when thou'rt gone my lonely heart should yearn,
Can the hand which casts thee from it now, command thee to return?

Return! alas! my Arab steed! what shall thy master do,
When thou, who wert his all of joy, hast vanish'd from his view?

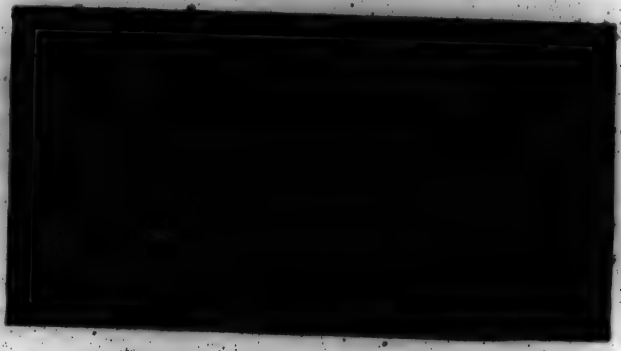
When the dim distance cheats mine eye, and through the gathering tears,
Thy bright form for a moment, like the false mirage, appears.

Slow and unmounted will I roam, with weary step alone,
Where with fleet step and joyous bound thou oft hast borne me on!
And sitting down by that green well, I'll pause and sadly think:
It was here he bow'd his glossy neck when last I saw him drink!

When last I saw thee drink!—Away! the fever'd dream is o'er;
I could not live a day, and know that we should meet no more!
They tempted me, my beautiful! for hunger's power is strong,
They tempted me, my beautiful! but I have loved too long.

Who said that I had given thee up, who said that thou wert sold?
'Tis false—'tis false, my Arab steed! I fling them back their gold.
Thus, thus I leap upon thy back, and scour the distant plains,
Away! who overtakes us now shall claim thee for his pains!

—THE HONORABLE MRS. NORTON.



AFRICAN HOSPITALITY.

BEING arrived at Sego, the capital of the kingdom of Bambarra, situated on the banks of the Niger, I wished to pass over to that part of the town in which the king resides; but from the number of persons eager to obtain a passage, I was under the necessity of waiting two hours. During this time, the people who had crossed the river, carried information to Mansong, the king, that a white man was waiting for a passage, and was coming to see him. He immediately sent over one of his chief men, who informed me, that the king could not possibly see me until he knew what had brought me into this country, and that I must not presume to cross the river without the king's permission. He therefore advised me to lodge for that night at a distant village to which he pointed, and said

that in the morning he would give me further instructions how to conduct myself. This was very discouraging. However, as there was no remedy, I set off for the village, where I found, to my great mortification, that no person would admit me into his house. From prejudices infused into their minds I was regarded with astonishment and fear, and was obliged to sit the whole day without victuals in the shade of a tree.

The night threatened to be very uncomfortable, for the wind rose, and there was great appearance of a heavy rain. The wild beasts, too, were so numerous in the neighborhood, that I should have been under the necessity of climbing up the tree, and resting among the branches. About sunset, however, as I was preparing to pass the night in this manner, and had turned my horse loose that he might graze at liberty, a negro woman, returning from the labors of the field, stopped to observe me, and perceiving that I was weary and dejected inquired into my situation. I briefly explained it to her, after which, with looks of great compassion, she took up my saddle and bridle, and told me to follow her. Having conducted me into her hut, she lighted a lamp, spread a mat on the floor, and told me I might remain there for the night.

Finding that I was very hungry, she went out to procure me something to eat, and returned in a short time with a very fine fish, which, having caused it to be half broiled upon some embers, she gave me for supper. The rites of hospitality being thus performed towards a stranger in distress, my worthy benefactress, pointing to the mat and telling me I might sleep there without apprehension, called to the female part of the family, who had stood gazing on me all the while in fixed astonishment, to resume their task of spinning cotton, in which they continued to employ themselves a great part of the night.

They lightened their labor by songs, one of which was composed extempore, for I was myself the subject of it. It was sung by one of the young women, the rest joining in a sort of chorus. The air was sweet and plaintive, and the words, literally translated, were these:

"The wind roared, and the rains fell.
The poor white man, faint and weary, came and sat under our tree.
He has no mother to bring him milk, no wife to grind his corn.

Chorus—Let us pity the white man,
No mother has he to bring him milk,
No wife to grind his corn.

Trifling as these events may appear to the reader, they were to me affecting in the highest degree. I was oppressed by such unexpected kindness, and sleep fled from my eyes. In the morning I presented to my compassionate landlady two of the four brass buttons which remained on my waistcoat, the only recompense it was in my power to make her.

—MUNGO PARK.

THE TRAVELER IN AFRICA.

A NEGRO SONG.

THE loud wind roared, the rain fell fast,
The white man yielded to the blast;
He sat him down beneath our tree,
For weary, sad, and faint was he;
But, ah! no wife nor mother's care
For him the milk and corn prepare.

CHORUS.

The white man shall our pity share;
Alas! no wife nor mother's care
For him the milk and corn prepare.

The storm is o'er, the tempest past,
And mercy's voice has hushed the blast;
The wind is heard in whispers low;
The white man far away must go;

But ever in his heart will bear
Remembrance of the negro's care.

CHORUS.

Go! white man, go! but with thee bear
The negro's wish, the negro's prayer,
Remembrance of the negro's care.

—DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.

THE SOLITUDE OF ALEXANDER SELKIRK.

I AM monarch of all I survey;
My right there is none to dispute;
From the centre all round to the sea
I am lord of the fowl and the brute.
O Solitude where are the charms
That sages have seen in thy face?
Better dwell in the midst of alarms,
Than reign in this horrible place.

I am out of humanity's reach,
I must finish my journey alone,
Never hear the sweet music of speech:
I start at the sound of my own.
The beasts that roam over the plain
My form with indifference see;
They are so unacquainted with man,
Their tameness is shocking to me.

Society, Friendship, and Love,
Divinely bestow'd upon man,
Oh, had I the wings of a dove,
How soon would I taste you again.

My sorrows I then might assuage
In the ways of religion and truth,
Might learn from the wisdom of age,
And be cheered by the sallies of youth.

Ye winds that have made me your sport,
Convey to this desolate shore
Some cordial endearing report
Of a land I shall visit no more;
My friends, do they now and then send
A wish or a thought after me?
O tell me I yet have a friend,
Though a friend I am never to see.

How fleet is the glance of the mind!
Compared with the speed of its flight,
The tempest itself lags behind,
And the swift-winged arrows of light.
When I think of my own native land
In a moment I seem to be there;
But alas! recollection at hand
Soon hurries me back to despair.

But the sea-fowl is gone to her nest,
The beast is laid down in his lair;
Even here is a season of rest,
And I to my cavern repair.
[illegible] is mercy in every place,
[illegible] mercy, encouraging thought,
[illegible] diction a grace,
[illegible] reconciles mine to his lot.

—WILLIAM COWPER.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

When the celebrated Florence Nightingale was a very little girl, and was living in a village in Derbyshire, everybody noticed how kind she was to other people and to animals. Every person and every animal in the place loved her, and she made friends with even the shy squirrels.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

Near the village in which she had her home there lived an old shepherd named Roger, who had a favorite sheep-dog called Cap. One day Florence was riding with a friend, and she saw the shepherd feeding his sheep. But Cap was not there to assist him, and the sheep were running about in all directions.

Florence and her friend stopped to ask the shepherd what had become of his dog.

"Oh," he replied, "Cap will never be of any more use to me. He will have to be killed."

"Killed!" said Florence. "O Roger, how wicked of you to say so! What has poor Cap done?"

"He has done nothing," replied Roger; "but a cruel boy threw a stone at him yesterday and broke one of his legs." And the old shepherd wiped away the tears which filled his eyes. "Poor Cap!" he said, "he was as knowing as a human being."

Florence and her friend rode on to the shepherd's cottage, and went in to see the poor dog. When the girl called him "poor Cap," he began to wag his tail. Then he crawled from under the table and lay down at her feet. She took hold of one of his paws, patted his rough head, and talked to him while her friend examined the injured leg.

It was badly swollen, and it hurt him very much to have it touched; but though he moaned with pain, he licked the hands that were hurting him, for he knew that it was meant kindly.

"It's only a bad bruise, no bones broken," said Florence's friend. "Rest is all Cap needs; he will soon be well again."

"I am so glad!" said Florence. "But can we do nothing for him? he seems in such pain."

"Plenty of hot water to bathe his leg would both ease the pain and help to cure him."

Florence lighted the fire, got ready some hot water, and began to bathe the poor dog's leg. It was not long before he began to feel less pain, and he tried to show his thanks by his looks and by wagging his tail.

On their way back they met the old shepherd coming slowly homeward.

"O Roger!" cried Florence, "you are not to lose poor old Cap. We have found that his leg is not broken after all."

"Well, I'm very glad to hear it," said the old man; "and many thanks to you for going to see him."

The next morning Florence was up early to bathe Cap's leg, and she found it much better. The following day she bathed it again, and in two or three days the old dog was able as before to look after the flock.

This happened many years ago, and that kind-hearted little girl grew up to be the kindest and bravest of women. She spent her youth in learning how to nurse the sick, and how to manage hospitals.

During the Crimean war she went out at the head of a band of trained nurses to take care of our wounded soldiers, who were very badly off for want of proper care and good

hospitals. She soon had ten thousand sick men to look after, and she could scarcely find leisure for rest or sleep. At one time her hard work made her very ill.

Since then she has done a great deal to improve our hospitals at home. Her whole life has been spent in helping the sick, and especially those who are poor.

SANTA FILOMENA.

Whene'er a noble deed is wrought,
Whene'er is spoke a noble thought,
Our hearts in glad surprise
To higher levels rise;

The tidal waves of deeper souls
Into our inmost being rolls,
And lifts us unawares
Out of all meaner cares.

Honor to those whose words or deeds
Thus help us in our daily needs,
And by their overflow
Raise us from what is low!

Thus thought I as by night I read
Of the great army of the dead,
The trenches cold and damp,
The starved and frozen camp—

The wounded from the battle-plain,
In dreary hospitals of pain,
The cheerless corridors,
The cold and stony floors.

Lo! in that house of misery
A lady with a lamp I see
Pass through the glimmering gloom
And flit from room to room.

And slow, as in a dream of bliss,
The speechless sufferer turns to kiss
Her shadow, as it falls
Upon the darkening walls.

As if a door in heaven should be
Opened and then closed suddenly,
The vision came and went;
The light shone and was spent.

On England's annals, through the long
Hereafter of her speech and song,
That light its rays shall cast
From portals of the past:

A lady with a lamp shall stand
In the great history of the land,
A noble type of good,
Heroic womanhood.

—HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

THE ORPHAN BOY.

Stay, lady! stay for mercy's sake,
And hear a helpless orphan's tale;
Ah! sure my looks must pity wake—
'Tis want that makes my cheek so pale.
Yet I was once a mother's pride,
And my brave father's hope and joy;
But in the Nile's proud fight he died,
And I am now an orphan boy.

Poor foolish child! how pleased was I,
When news of Nelson's victory came,
Along the crowded streets to fly,
And see the lighted windows flame.
To force me home my mother sought,
She could not bear to see my joy,
For with my father's life 'twas bought,
And made me a poor orphan boy.

The people's shouts were long and loud,—
My mother, shuddering, closed her ears;
"Rejoice! rejoice!" still cried the crowd,
My mother answer'd with her tears.
Oh! why do tears steal down your cheek,
Cried I, "while others shout for joy!"—
She kiss'd me, and in accents weak,
She call'd me her poor orphan boy.

"What is an orphan boy?" I said,
When suddenly she gasp'd for breath,
And her eyes closed:—I shriek'd for aid,—
But, ah! her eyes were closed in death!

My hardships since I will not tell;
But now no more a parent's joy,—
Ah, lady! I have learnt too well
What 'tis to be an orphan boy!

O were I by your bounty fed!
Nay, gentle lady! do not chide;
Trust me, I mean to earn my bread,—
The sailor's orphan boy has pride.
Lady, you weep:—what is't you say?
You'll give me clothing, food, employ?
Look down, dear parents! look and see
Your happy, happy orphan boy.

—MRS. OPIE.

THE EMPEROR AND THE MAJOR.

THE Emperor Alexander, while traveling in Western Russia, came one day to a small town of which he knew very little; so, when he found that he must change horses, he thought that he would look around and see what the town was like.

Alone, habited in a plain military coat, without any mark of his high rank, he wandered through the place until he came to the end of the road that he had been following. There he paused, not knowing which way to turn; for two paths were before him,—one to the right and one to the left.

Alexander saw a man standing at the door of a house, and going up to him the Emperor

said, "My friend, can you tell me which of these two roads I must take to get to Kalouga?" The man, who was in full military dress, was smoking a pipe with an air of dignity almost ridiculous. Astonished that so plain-looking a traveler should dare to speak to him with familiarity, the smoker answered shortly, "To the right."

"Pardon!" said the Emperor. "Another word, if you please."

"What?" was the haughty reply.

"Permit me to ask you a question," continued the Emperor. "What is your grade in the army?"

"Guess." And the pipe blazed away furiously.

"Lieutenant?" said the amused Alexander.

"Up!" came proudly from the smoker's lips.

"Captain?"

"Higher."

"Major?"

"At last!" was the lofty response. The Emperor bowed low in the presence of such greatness.

"Now, in my turn," said the major, with the grand air that he thought fit to assume in addressing a humble inferior, "what are you, if you please?"

"Guess," answered Alexander.

"Lieutenant?"

"Up!"

"Captain?"

"Higher."

"Major?"

"Go on."

"Colonel?"

"Again."

The smoker took his pipe from his mouth: "Your Excellency is, then, General?" The grand air was fast disappearing.

"You are coming near it."

The major put his hand to his cap: "Then your Highness is Field-Marshal?"

By this time the grand air had taken flight,

and the officer, so pompous a moment before, looked as if the steady gaze and the quiet voice of the traveler had reduced him to the last stage of fear.

"Once more, my good major," said Alexander.

"His Imperial Majesty!" exclaimed the man, in surprise and terror, letting his pipe drop from his trembling fingers.

"His very self," answered the Emperor; and he smiled at the wonderful change in the major's face and manner

"Ah, Sire, pardon me!" cried the officer, falling on his knees,—"pardon me!"

"And what is there to pardon?" said Alexander, with real simple dignity. "My friend, you have done me no harm. I asked you which road I should take, and you told me. Thanks!"

But the major never forgot the lesson. If in later years he was tempted to be rude or haughty to his so-called inferiors, there rose at once in his mind a picture of a well-remembered scene, in which his pride of power had brought such shame upon him. Two soldiers in a quiet country-town made but an every-day picture, after all; but what a difference there had been between the pompous manner of the petty officer and the natural, courteous dignity of the Emperor of all the Russias!

THE BROOK SONG.

LITTLE Brook! Little Brook!
You have such a happy look—
Such a very merry manner as you swerve and curve and crook—
And your ripples, one and one,
Reach each other's hands and run
Like laughing little children in the sun.

Little Brook, sing to me,
Sing about a bumble bee,
That tumbled from a lily-bell, and grumbled mumblingly
Because he wet the film
Of his wings and had to swim,
While the water-bugs raced round and laughed at him!

Little Brook—sing a song
Of a leaf that sailed along,
Down the golden braided centre of your current swift and strong,
And a dragon-fly that lit
On the tilting rim of it,
And rode away and wasn't scared a bit.

And sing how—oft in glee
Came a truant boy like me,
Who loved to lean and listen to your lilting melody,
Till the gurgle and refrain,
Of your music in his brain,
Wrought a happiness as keen to him as pain.

Little Brook—laugh and leap!
Do not let the dreamer weep:
Sing him all the songs of summer till he sinks in softest sleep;
And then sing soft and low
Through his dreams of long ago—
Sing back to him the rest he used to know.

—JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

THE BROOK.

I come from haunts of coots and hern,
I make a sudden sally,
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty thorps, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling,

And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me, as I travel,
With many a silvery waterbreak
Above the golden gravel;

And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
I slide by hazel covers;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows;
I make the netted sunbeam dance
Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses;
I linger by my shingly bars,
I loiter round my cresses;

And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

—ALFRED TENNYSON.

PROCRASTINATION.

ONE day a farmer, called Bernard, had been to his county town to attend the market there and, having finished his business, there still remained some hours before he required to return to his home. Under these circumstances, having nothing particular to do, he thought he might as well get an opinion from a lawyer. He had often heard people speaking of a certain Mr. Wiseman, whose reputation was so great that even the judge did not like to decide contrary to his opinion. The farmer therefore asked for Mr. Wiseman's address, and without delay made his way to his house.

He found a large number of people waiting to ask the advice of the learned and clever lawyer, and he had to wait a long time. At last his turn came, and he was shown into the room. Mr. Wiseman asked him to sit down, and then, settling his spectacles on his nose so as to get a comfortable look at him, begged him to state his business.

"Upon my word, Mr. Lawyer," said the farmer, uneasily twisting his hat in his hand, "I can't say that I have any particular business with you; but as I happened to be in town to-day, I thought I should be losing an opportunity if I did not get an opinion from you."

"I am much obliged by your confidence in me," replied the lawyer. "You have, I suppose, some law-suit going on?"

"A law-suit?" said the farmer; "I should rather think not! There is nothing I hate so much, and I have never had a quarrel with any one in my life."

"Then, I suppose, you want some family property fairly and justly divided?"

"I beg your pardon, sir; my family lives with me in peace, and we have no need to think of dividing our property."

"Perhaps, then, you want some agreement drawn up about the sale or purchase of something?"

"Not at all! I am not rich enough to be purchasing property, and not poor enough to wish to sell any."

"Then what on earth do you want me to do, my friend?" said the astonished lawyer.

"Well, Mr. Wiseman, I thought I had already told you that," replied Bernard, with a sheepish laugh; "what I want is an opinion—I am ready to pay for it. You see, here I am in town, and it would be a great pity if I were to lose the opportunity."

The lawyer looked at him and smiled; then taking his pen, he asked the farmer what his name was. "Peter Bernard," said he quite

pleased that the lawyer at last understood what he wanted.

"Your age?"

"Forty years, or somewhere about that."

"Your profession?"

"My profession! Ah, yes! you mean what do I do? I am a farmer."

The lawyer, still smiling, wrote two lines on a piece of paper, folded it up, and gave it to his strange client.

"Is that all," cried Bernard; "well, well! so much the better. I daresay you are too busy to write much. Now, how much does that cost, Mr. Lawyer?"

"Half-a-crown."

Bernard paid the money well-contented, gave a bow and a scrape, and went away delighted that he had got his opinion. When he reached home it was four in the afternoon. He was tired with his journey, and he resolved to have a good rest. It happened, however, that his hay had been cut for some days, and was now completely dry; and one of his men came to ask if it should be carried in and housed that night.

"This night!" said the farmer's wife, "who ever heard of such a thing? Your master is tired, and the hay can just as well be got in to-morrow." The man said it was no business

of his, but the weather might change, and the horses and carts were ready, and the laborers had nothing to do.

To this the angry wife replied that the wind was in a favorable quarter, and that they could not anyway get the work done before nightfall.

Bernard, having listened to both sides of the question, did not know how to decide, when all of a sudden he remembered the paper the lawyer had given him. "Stop a minute!" cried he; "I have got an opinion—a famous opinion—an opinion that cost me half-a-crown. That's the thing to put us straight. You are a grand scholar, my dear; tell us what it says." His wife took the paper, and, with

some little difficulty, read out these two lines: "Peter Bernard, never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day."

"There's the very thing!" cried the farmer. "Quick! out with the men and the carts and we'll have the hay in at once."

His wife still grumbled, but it was of no use; Bernard was obstinate. He declared that he was not going to pay half-a-crown for nothing, and that, as he had got an opinion from his lawyer, he would follow it whatever happened. In fact, he set the example himself, and, urging his men to the greatest expedition, he did not return to his home till all the hay was safely housed.

Whatever doubts his wife might have entertained as to his wisdom were fully put at rest by the result, for the weather changed suddenly during the night; an unexpected storm burst over the valley, and when she woke in the morning she saw running through the meadows a brown and turbid flood, carrying in its current the newly-cut hay of her neighbors. All the farmers close by lost their hay, and Bernard alone had saved his.

Having experienced the benefits which followed obedience to the advice of the lawyer, Bernard from that day forward never failed to regulate his conduct by the same rule, and in

course of time he became one of the richest farmers of the district. Nor did he forget the service which Mr. Wiseman had rendered him, for he sent him every year a present of two fat fowls in remembrance of his valuable advice; and, whenever he had occasion to speak to his neighbors about lawyers, he always said that "after the ten commandments there was nothing that should be more strictly followed than the opinion of a good lawyer."

THE SAINT LAWRENCE RAPID.

ALL peacefully gliding, the waters dividing,
The indolent batteau moved slowly along;
The rowers, light-hearted, from sorrow long parted,
Beguiled the dull moments with laughter and song:
"Hurrah for the Rapid! that merrily, merrily
Gambols and leaps on its tortuous way;
Soon we will enter it, cheerily, cheerily,
Pleased with its freshness, and wet with its spray."

More swiftly careering, the wild Rapid nearing,
They dash down the stream like a terrified steed;
The surges delight them, no terrors affright them,
Their voices keep pace with their quickening speed;
"Hurrah for the Rapid! that merrily, merrily
Shivers its arrows against us in play;
Now we have entered it, cheerily, cheerily,
Our spirits as light as its feathery spray."

Fast downward they're dashing, each fearless eye flashing,
Though danger awaits them on every side;
Yon rock—see it frowning! they strike—they are drowning!
But downward they speed with the merciless tide.
No voice cheers the Rapid, that angrily, angrily
Shivers their bark in its maddening play;
Gaily they entered it—heedlessly, recklessly,
Mingling their lives with its treacherous spray!

—CHARLES SANGSTER.

AMONG THE THOUSAND ISLANDS.

Never a ripple upon the river,
As it lies like a mirror beneath the moon,
Only the shadows tremble and quiver
'Neath the balmy breath of a night in June.

All dark and silent, each shadowy island
Like a silhouette lies on the silver ground,
While, just above us, a rocky highland
Towers grim and dusk, with its pine-trees crowned.

Never a sound but the wave's soft plashing
As the boat drifts idly the shore along,—
And the darting fire-flies silently flashing
Gleam, living diamonds,—the woods among.

And the night-hawk flits o'er the bay's deep bosom,
And the loon's laugh breaks through the midnight calm,
And the luscious breath of the wild vine's blossom
Wafts from the rocks like a tide of balm.

—AGNES M. MACHAR.

THE LITTLE MATCH GIRL.

It was dreadfully cold; it snowed, and was beginning to grow dark, and it was the last night of the year, too—New-year's Eve. In this cold and darkness, a poor little girl was wandering about the streets with bare head and bare feet. She had slippers on when she left home, but what was the good of them? They were very large old slippers of her mother's—so large that they fell off the little girl's feet as she hurried across the street to escape two carriages, which came galloping along at a great rate. The one slipper was not to be found, and a boy ran off with the other.

So the little girl wandered about barefooted, with a quantity of matches in an old apron, whilst she held a bundle of them in her hand. No one had bought any matches of her through the whole livelong day—no one had given her a single farthing. Hungry and pinched with cold, the poor little girl crept along, the large flakes of snow covering her yellow hair which curled round her face; but it gave her no comfort to think of that.

In a corner between two houses, one projecting beyond the other, she sought shelter. Huddling herself up, she drew under her, as well as she could, her poor little feet which

were red and blue with cold; but she was colder than ever, and dared not go home, for as she had sold no matches her cruel father would beat her. Besides, it was cold at home, for they lived just under the roof, and the wind blew in, though straw and rags had been stuffed in the large cracks. Her little hands were quite benumbed with cold.

Oh, how much good one match would do, if she dared but take it out of the bundle, draw it across the wall, and warm her fingers in the flame! She drew one out—"Ritsh!" how it sputtered and burned! It burned with a warm, bright flame, like a candle, and she

bent her hand round it: it was a wonderful light! It appeared to the little girl as if she were sitting before a large iron stove, in which the fire burned brightly, and gave out such comfort and such warmth. She stretched out her feet to warm them too—but the flame went out, the stove disappeared, and there she sat with a little bit of the burnt-out match in her hand.

Another was lighted; it burned, and where the light fell upon the wall that became transparent, so that she could see into the room. There the table was covered with a cloth of dazzling white and with fine china, and a roast goose was smoking most temptingly upon it. But, what was still more delightful, the goose sprang down from the table, and with a knife and fork sticking in its back, waddled towards the little girl. Then the match went out, and she saw nothing but the thick cold wall.

She lighted another; and now she was sitting under the most splendid Christmas-tree. It was larger and more beautifully decorated than the one she had seen at Christmas through the window at the rich merchant's. Hundreds of tapers were burning amongst the green branches, and painted pictures, such as she had seen in the shop-windows, looked

down upon her. She stretched out both her hands just as the match was burnt out. The countless lights rose higher and higher, and she now saw that they were the stars, one of which fell leaving a long line of light in the sky.

"Some one is dying now," the little girl said; for her old grandmother, who alone had loved her, but who was now dead, had told her that when a star fell, a soul took its flight up to heaven.

She drew another match across the wall, and in the light it threw around stood her old grandmother, so bright, so mild, and so loving. "Grandmother," the little girl cried, "Oh, take me with you! I know that you will disappear as soon as the match is burnt out, just like the warm stove, the delicious roast goose, and the Christmas-tree!"

Hastily she lighted the rest of the matches that remained in the bundle, for she wished to keep her grandmother with her as long as possible, and the matches burned so brightly that it was lighter than day. Never before had her grandmother appeared so beautiful and so tall, and taking the little girl in her arms, in radiance and joy they flew high, high up into the heavens, where she felt neither cold, nor hunger, nor fear, any more—for they were with God!

But, in the corner between the two houses, in the cold morning air, lay the little girl with pale cheeks and smiling lips. She was frozen to death during the last night of the Old Year. The first light of the New Year shone upon the dead body of the little girl, sitting there with the matches, one bundle of which was nearly consumed. "She has been trying to warm herself," people said; but no one knew what visions she had had, or with what splendor she had entered with her grandmother into the joys of a New Year.

—HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

THE TANTRAMAR REVISITED.

Summers and summers have come, and gone with the flight of the swallow;
Sunshine and thunder have been, storm and winter and frost;
Many and many a sorrow has all but died from remembrance,
Many a dream of joy fall'n in the shadow of pain.
Hands of chance and change have marred, or moulded, or broken,
Busy with spirit or flesh, all I have most adored;
Even the bosom of Earth is strewn with heavier shadows,—
Only in these green hills, aslant to the sea, no change!
Here where the road that has climbed from the inland valleys and woodlands
Dips from the hill-tops down straight to the base of the hills,—
Here, from my vantage-ground, I can see the scattering houses
Stained with time, set warm in orchards, and meadows, and wheat,
Dotting the broad bright slopes outspread to southward and eastward,
Wind-swept all day long, blown by the south-east wind.
Skirting the sunbright uplands stretches a ribbon of meadow
Shorn of the laboring grass, bulwarked well from the sea,
Fenced on its seaward border with long clay dikes from the turbid

Surge and flow of the tides vexing the Westmoreland shores.
Yonder, toward the left, lie broad the Westmoreland marshes,—
Miles on miles they extend, level and grassy and dim,
Clear from the long red sweep of flats to the sky in the distance,
Save for the out-lying heights, green-rampired Cumberland Point;
Miles on miles outrolled, and the river channel divides them,—
Miles on miles of green barred by the hurtling gusts.

Miles on miles beyond the tawny bay is Minudie.
There are the low blue hills; villages gleam at their feet.
Nearer a white sail shines across the water, and nearer
Still are the slim grey masts of fishing boats dry on the flats.
Ah, how well I remember those wide red flats above tide mark,
Pale with scurf of the salt, seamed and baked in the sun!
Well I remember the piles of blocks and ropes, and the net-reels
Wound with the beaded nets, dripping and dark from the sea!
Now at this season the nets are unwound; they hang from the rafters
Over the fresh-stowed hay in upland barns, and the wind
Blows all day through the chinks with the streaks of sunlight, and sways them
Softly at will; or they lie heaped in the gloom of a loft.

Now at this season the reels are empty and idle; I see them
Over the lines of the dikes, over the gossiping grass.
Now at this season they swing in the long strong wind thro' the lonesome
Golden afternoon, shunned by the foraging gulls.
Near about sunset the crane will journey homeward above them;
Round them, under the moon, all the calm night long,
Winnowing soft gray wings of marsh-owls wander and wander,
Now to the broad lit marsh, now to the dusk of the dike.
Soon thro' their dew-wet frames, in the live keen freshness of morning,
Out of the teeth of the dawn blows back the awakening wind.
Then, as the blue day mounts, and the low-shot shafts of the sunlight
Glance from the tide to the shore, gossamers jewelled with dew
Sparkle and wave, where late sea-spoiling fathoms of drift-net
Myriad-meshed uploomed sombrely over the land.

Well I remember it all. The salt raw scent of the margin;
While with men at the windlass groaned each reel, and the net,
Surging in ponderous lengths, uprose and coiled in its station;
Then each man to his home,—well I remember it all!

Yet, as I sit and watch, this present peace of the landscape,—
Stranded boats, these reels empty and idle, the hush,
One grey hawk slow-wheeling above yon cluster of haystacks,—
More than the old-time stir this stillness welcomes me home.
Ah the old-time stir, how once it stung me with rapture,—
Old-time sweetness, the winds freighted with honey and salt!
Yet will I stay my steps and not go down to the marshland,—
Muse and recall far off, rather remember than see,—
Lest on too close sight I miss the darling illusion,
Spy at their task even here the hands of chance and change.

—CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

THREE ANGELS.

Is it then true, this tale of bitter grief,
Of mortal anguish finding no relief?
Lo! midst the winter shines the laurel's leaf;
Three angels share the lot of human strife;
Three angels glorify the path of life.

Love, Hope, and Patience charm us on our way;
Love, Hope, and Patience form our spirits' stay;
Love, Hope, and Patience watch us day by day
And bid the desert bloom with beauty vernal
Until the earthly fades in the eternal.

—ANON.

THE DOLLS' DRESSMAKER.

BRADLEY HEADSTONE and Charley Hexam crossed the bridge and made along the shore toward Millbank. At the point where Church Street and Smith Square joined there were some little quiet houses in a row. At one of these they stopped.

The boy knocked at a door, and the door promptly opened with a spring and a click, and disclosed a child—a dwarf, a girl—sitting in a low, old-fashioned armchair which had a kind of a little working bench before it.

"I can't get up," said the child, "because my back is bad and my legs are queer. But I'm the person of the house. What did you want, young man?"

"I wanted to see my sister."

"Many young men have sisters," returned the child. "Give me your name, young man."

The queer little figure and the queer little face with its bright gray eyes were so sharp that the sharpness of manner seemed unavoidable; as if, turned out of that mould, it must be sharp.

"Hexam is my name."

"Ah, indeed?" said the person of the house. "I thought it might be. Your sister will be in in about a quarter of an hour. I am very

CHARLES DICKENS.

fond of your sister. She's my particular friend. And this gentleman's name?"

"Mr. Headstone, my schoolmaster."

"Take a seat. And would you please to shut the street door first? I can't very well do it myself."

They complied in silence. The little figure went on with its work of gluing together certain pieces of cardboard and thin wood, previously cut into various shapes.

The scissors and knives upon the bench showed that the child herself had cut them. The bright scraps of velvet and silk and ribbon also strewn upon the bench showed that, when duly stuffed, she was to cover them smartly.

The dexterity of her nimble fingers was

remarkable. As she brought two thin edges accurately together by giving them a little bite, she would glance at her visitors out of the corners of her gray eyes with a look that outsharpened all her other sharpness.

"You can't tell me the name of my trade, I'll be bound," she said, after taking several of these observations.

"You make pin-cushions," said Charley.

"What else do I make?"

"Pen-wipers," said Bradley Headstone.

"Ha! ha! What else do I make? You're a schoolmaster, but you can't tell me."

"You do something with straw," he returned, pointing to a corner of the little bench, "but I don't know what."

"Well done. I only make pin-cushions and pen-wipers to use up my waste. But my straw really does belong to my business. Try again. What do I make with my straw?"

"Ladies' bonnets?"

"Fine ladies'," said the person of the house. "Dolls'—I'm a doll's dressmaker."

"I hope it's a good business?"

The person of the house shrugged her shoulders and shook her head.

"No. Poorly paid. And I'm often so pressed for time. I had a doll married last week and was obliged to work all night."

They looked at the little creature with a wonder that did not diminish, and the schoolmaster said, "I'm sorry your fine ladies are so inconsiderate."

"It's the way with them," said the person of the house, shrugging her shoulders again. "And they take no care of their clothes, and they never keep to the same fashions a month. I work for a doll with three daughters. Bless you, she's enough to ruin her husband!"

She gave a weird little laugh here, and another look out of the corners of her eyes.

"Are you always as busy as you are now?"

"Busier. I'm slack just now. I finished a large mourning order the day before yesterday. Doll I work for lost a canary bird."

"Are you alone all day?" asked Bradley Headstone. "Don't any of the neighboring children——?"

"Don't talk of children!" cried the person of the house with a little scream, as if the word had pricked her. "I can't bear children. I know their tricks and their manners: always running about and screeching, always playing and fighting, always skip, skip, skipping on the pavement and chalking it for their games. "And that's not all: over so often calling names in through a person's keyhole and imitating a person's back and legs. No, no, no! No children for me. Give me grown-ups."

It was difficult to guess the age of this strange creature, for her poor figure furnished no clew to it, and her face was at once so young and so old. Twelve, or at the most thirteen, might be near the mark.

"I always did like grown-ups," she went on, "and always kept company with them. So sensible. Sit so quiet. Don't go prancing and capering about."

She listened to a step outside that caught her ear, and there was a soft knock at the door. Pulling at a handle within her reach, she said, with a pleased laugh, "Now, here is a grown-up that's my particular friend!" and Lizzie Hexam entered the room.

"Charley! You!"

Taking her brother to her arms in the old way—of which he seemed a little ashamed—she saw no one else.

"There, there, there! All right, my dear. See! Here's Mr. Headstone come with me."

Her eyes met those of the schoolmaster, and a murmured word of salutation passed between them. She was a little flurried by the unexpected visit, and the schoolmaster was not at his ease. He fell to talking playfully to Jenny Wren: "I think of setting up a doll, Miss Jenny," he said.

"You had better not," replied the dressmaker.

"Why not?"

"You are sure to break it. All you children do."

"But that makes it good for trade, you know, Miss Wren."

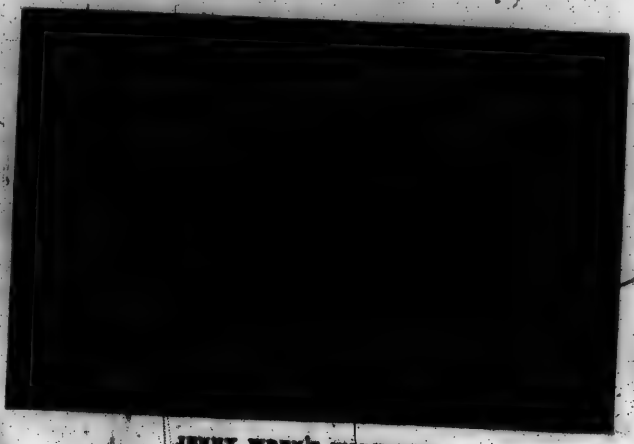
"I don't know about that," Miss Wren retorted; "but you had better by half set up a pen-wiper and turn industrious and use it."

"If we all set to work as soon as we could use our hands it would be all over with the dolls' dressmakers."

"There's something in that," replied Miss Wren. "You have a sort of an idea in your noddle sometimes." Then in a changed tone, "Talking of ideas, Lizzie, I wonder how it happens that when I am work, work, working here all alone in the summer time I smell flowers."

"As a commonplace individual, I should say," suggested the schoolmaster, "that you smell flowers because you do smell flowers."

"No, I don't," said the little creature, resting one arm upon the elbow of her chair, resting her chin upon that hand, and looking vacantly before her; "this is not a flowery neighborhood. It's anything but that. And yet as I sit at work I smell miles of flowers. I smell roses till I think I see the rose leaves lying in heaps, bushels, upon the floor. "I smell fallen



JENNY WREN'S WORKSHOP.

leaves till I put down my hand—so—and expect to make them rustle. I smell the white and the pink May in the hedges, and all sorts of flowers that I never was among, for I have seen very few flowers indeed in my life."

"Pleasant fancies to have, Jenny dear!" said her friend.

"So I think, Lizzie, when they come to me, and the birds I hear! Oh!" cried the little creature, holding out her hand and looking upward, "how they sing!"

There was something in the face and action for the moment quite inspired and beautiful. Then the chin dropped musingly upon the hand again.

"I dare say my birds sing better than other

birds and my flowers smell better than other flowers; for when I was a little child," in a tone as if it were ages ago, "the children that I used to see early in the morning were very different from any others that I ever saw. They were not like me; they were never in pain. They were not like the children of the neighbors; they never made me tremble all over by setting up shrill noises, and they never mocked me. Such numbers of them, too! All in white dresses and with something shining on the borders and on their heads that I have never been able to imitate with my work, though I know it so well.

"They used to come down in long, bright, slanting rows, and say all together: 'Who is this in pain? Who is this in pain?' When I told them who I was, they answered, 'Come play with us!' When I said, 'I never play! I can't play!' they swept about me and took me up and made me light. Then it was all delicious ease and rest till they laid me down and said all together: 'Have patience, and we will come again.'

"Whenever they came back, I used to know they were coming before I saw the long, bright rows by hearing them ask all together, a long way off: 'Who is this in pain? Who is this in pain?' And I used to cry out: 'O my

blessed children, it's poor me. Have pity on me. Take me up and make me light.'"

Lizzie, who had not taken off her bonnet, rather hurriedly proposed that as the room was getting dark they should go out into the air. They went out, the visitors saying good-night to the dolls' dressmaker, whom they left leaning back in her chair with her arms crossed, singing to herself in a sweet, thoughtful little voice.

—CHARLES DICKENS.

LADY CLARE.

It was the time when lilies blow,
And clouds are highest up in air,
Lord Ronald brought a lily-white doe
To give his cousin, Lady Clare.

I trow they did not part in scorn:
Lovers long-betroth'd were they:
They two will wed the morrow morn:
God's blessing on the day!

'He does not love me for my birth,
Nor for my lands so broad and fair;
He loves me for my own true worth,
And that is well,' said Lady Clare.

'In there came old Alice the nurse,
Said, 'Who was this that went from thee?
'It was my cousin,' said Lady Clare,
'To-morrow he weds with me.'

'O God be thank'd!' said Alice the nurse,
'That all comes round so just and fair:
Lord Ronald is heir of all your lands,
And you are not the Lady Clare.'

'Are ye out of your mind, my nurse, my nurse?'
Said Lady Clare, 'that ye speak so wild?'
'As God's above,' said Alice the nurse,
'I speak the truth: you are my child.

'The old Earl's daughter died at my breast;
I speak the truth, as I live by bread!
I buried her like my own sweet child,
And put my child in her stead.'

'Falsely, falsely have ye done,
O mother,' she said, 'if this be true,
To keep the best man under the sun
So many years from his due.'

'Nay now, my child,' said Alice the nurse,
'But keep the secret for your life,
And all you have will be Lord Ronald's,
When you are man and wife.

'If I'm a beggar born,' she said,
'I will speak out, for I dare not lie.
Pull off, pull off the brooch of gold,
And fling the diamond necklace by.'

'Nay now, my child,' said Alice the nurse,
'But keep the secret all ye can.'
She said, 'Not so: but I will know
If there be any faith in man.'

'Nay now, what faith?' said Alice the nurse,
'The man will cleave unto his right.'
'And he shall have it,' the Lady replied,
'Tho' I should die to-night.'

'Yet give one kiss to your mother dear!
Alas, my child, I sinn'd for thee.'
'O mother, mother, mother,' she said,
'So strange it seems to me.

'Yet here's a kiss for my mother dear,
My mother dear, if this be so,
And lay your hand upon my head,
And bless me, mother, ere I go.'

She clad herself in a russet gown,
She was no longer Lady Clare:
She went by dale and she went by down
With a single rose in her hair.

The lily-white doe Lord Ronald had brought
Leapt up from where she lay,
Dropt her head in the maiden's hand,
And follow'd her all the way.

Down stept Lord Ronald from his tower:
'O Lady Clare, you shame your worth!
Why come you dress'd like a village maid,
That are the flower of the earth?'

'If I come dress'd like a village maid,
I am but as my fortunes are:
I am a beggar born,' she said,
'And not the Lady Clare.'

'Play me no tricks,' said Lord Ronald,
'For I am yours in word and in deed.
Play me no tricks,' said Lord Ronald,
'Your riddle is hard to read.'

O and proudly stood she up!
Her heart within her did not fail:
She look'd into Lord Ronald's eyes,
And told him all her nurse's tale.

He laugh'd a laugh of merry scorn:
He turn'd and kiss'd her where she stood:
'If you are not the heiress born,
And I,' said he, 'the next in blood—

'If you are not the heiress born,
And I,' said he, 'the lawful heir,
We two will wed to-morrow morn,
And you shall still be Lady Clare.'

—ALFRED TENNYSON.

WAIT not till to-morrow's sun
Beams upon the way;
All that you can call your own
Lies in your to-day.

Clear mind, strong body, youth, and health,
May not, cannot last;
The mill will never, never grind
With the water that has passed.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

In 1843, Livingstone, the celebrated traveler, settled as a missionary in Mabtosa, a beautiful valley in South Africa. Here he met with an adventure which nearly terminated his earthly career.

The natives of Mabtosa had long been troubled by lions, which invaded their cattle-pens by night, and even attacked the herds during the day. These poor people, being very ignorant and superstitious, thought that the inroads of the lions were caused by witchcraft. It was perhaps for this reason that all their attempts to drive away the animals were feeble and faint-hearted, and therefore unsuccessful.

It is well known that a troop of lions will not remain long in any district where one of

their number has been killed. So the next time the herds of Mabtosa were attacked, Livingstone went out with the natives to encourage them to destroy one of the marauders, and thus free themselves from the whole troop. They found the lions on a small hill covered with wood. The hunters placed themselves in a circle round the hill, and began to ascend, coming gradually closer to each other as they approached the summit.

Livingstone remained along with a native teacher on the plain below to watch the manœuvres of the party. His companion, seeing one of the lions sitting on a piece of rock within the circle of hunters, took aim and fired; but the ball only struck the stones at the animal's feet. With a roar of rage the fierce brute bounded away, broke through the ring, and escaped unhurt, the natives not having the courage to stand close and spear him as he passed.

The band again closed in and resumed their march. There were still two lions in the wood, and it was hoped that fortune would favor a second attempt to destroy one of them. But suddenly a terrific roar echoed from the hill, and the timid hunters quaked with fear. First one of the lions and then the other, with streaming manes and glaring

eyes, rushed down through the wavering ranks and bounded away, free to continue their devastations.

As the party were returning home, bewailing their want of success, Livingstone observed one of the lions about thirty yards in front, sitting on a rock behind a bush. Raising his gun, he took steady aim, and discharged both barrels into the thicket. "He is shot! He is shot!" was the joyful cry; and some of the men were about to rush in and despatch the wounded beast with their spears. But Livingstone, seeing the lion's tail erected in anger, warned them to keep back until he had fired a second time. He was just in the act of reloading, when, hearing a shout of terror, he looked round and saw the lion preparing to spring. It was too late to retreat. With a savage growl the frenzied animal seized him by the shoulder, and shook him as a terrier shakes a rat. The shock caused a momentary anguish followed by a sort of drowsiness, in which he had no sense of pain or feeling of terror, though he knew all that was happening.

The lion's paw was resting on the back of his head, and as he turned round to relieve himself of the pressure, he saw the creature's fiery eyes directed to the native teacher, who at a distance of ten or fifteen yards was

making ready to shoot. The gun missed fire in both barrels and the lion sprang at his new assailant biting him in the thigh. Another man also, who was standing near, was severely bitten in the shoulder, but at this moment the bullets took effect, and the huge beast fell back dead.

All this occurred in a few seconds: the death-blow had been inflicted before the animal sprang upon his assailants. Livingstone's arm was wounded in eleven places, and the bone crushed into splinters. The injuries might have proved fatal but for his tartan jacket, which wiped the poison from the lion's teeth before they entered the flesh.

It was long ere the wounds healed, and all through life the intrepid missionary bore the marks of this dreadful encounter. Thirty years afterwards, when his noble and useful career had ended among the swamps of Central Africa, and his remains were taken to England to be interred in Westminster Abbey, the crushed and mangled arm was one of the marks which enabled his sorrowing friends in that country to identify the body as that of David Livingstone.

A HERO.

In a certain Cornish mine two men deep down in the shaft, were engaged in putting in a shot for blasting. They had completed their purpose, and were about to give the signal for being hoisted up. One at a time was all the assistant at the top could manage, and the second was to kindle the fuse, and then mount with all speed.

Now it chanced, while they were still below, that one of them thought the fuse too long. He accordingly tried to cut it shorter. Taking a couple of stones, a flat and a sharp, he succeeded in cutting it the required length; but, dreadful to relate, he kindled it at the same time, while both were still below! They shouted vehemently to the man at the windlass; both sprang into the bucket. The man could not move it with the two men in it.

Here was a moment for poor Miner Jack and Miner Will! Instant, horrible death hangs over them. Will generously resigns himself. "Go aloft, Jack. Sit down; away! In one minute I shall be in heaven!"

Jack bounds aloft; the explosion instantly follows, bruising his face as he looks over, but he is safe above ground.

And what of poor Will? Descending eagerly they find him, as if by miracle, buried under rocks which had arched themselves over him. He is little injured. He too is brought up safe. Well done, brave Will!

—THOMAS CARLYLE.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

Under a spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp and black and long,
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in week out, from morn till night
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge
And hear the bellows roar
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church
And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice
Singing in Paradise!
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

To-day,—rejoicing,—sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought!

—HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

THE WHISTLE.

When I was a child, seven years old, my friends, on a holiday, filled my pockets with coppers. I went directly toward a shop where they sold toys for children; and, being charmed with the sound of a whistle that I met by the way in the hands of another boy, I voluntarily offered him all my money for it.

I then returned home and went whistling all over the house, much pleased with my whistle but disturbing all the family. My brothers and sisters and cousins, understanding the bargain I had made, told me

given four times as much for it as it was worth.

This put me in mind of what good things I might have bought with the rest of the money; and they laughed at me so much for my folly that I cried with vexation.

This, however, was afterward of use to me, the impression continuing on my mind; so that often, when I was tempted to buy some unnecessary thing, I said to myself, "Don't give too much for the whistle;" and so I saved my money.

As I grew up, went into the world, and observed the actions of men, I thought I met with many, very many, who gave too much for their whistles.

When I saw any one too ambitious of the favor of the great, wasting his time in attendance on public dinners, sacrificing his repose, his liberty, his virtue, and perhaps his friends, to retain it, I said to myself, "This man gives too much for his whistle."

When I saw another fond of popularity, constantly employing himself in politics, neglecting his own affairs and ruining them by that neglect, "He pays, indeed," said I, "too much for his whistle."

If I knew a miser, who gave up every kind of comfortable living, all the pleasure of doing

good to others, all the esteem of his fellow-citizens, and the joys of benevolent friendship, for the sake of accumulating wealth, "Poor man, said I, "you do indeed pay too much for your whistle."

When I met a man of pleasure sacrificing the improvement of his mind or of his fortune to mere bodily comfort, "Mistaken man," said I, "you are providing pain for yourself, instead of pleasure: you give too much for your whistle."

If I saw one fond of fine clothes, fine furniture, fine horses, all above his fortune, for which he contracted debts and ended his career in prison, "Alas!" said I, "he has paid dear, very dear, for his whistle."

In short, I believed that a great part of the miseries of mankind were brought upon them by the false estimates they had made of the value of things, and by their giving too much for their whistles.

—BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

Press on! There's no such word as fail!
Push nobly on! the goal is near!
Ascend the mountain! breast the gale!
Look upward, onward—never fear!

WE ARE SEVEN.

———A simple child,
That lightly draws its breath
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death?

I met a little cottage girl:
She was eight years old, she said;
Her hair was thick with many a curl
That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air,
And she was wildly clad;
Her eyes were fair, and very fair;
Her beauty made me glad.

"Sisters and brothers, little maid,
How many may you be?"
"How many? seven in all," she said,
And wondering looked at me.

"And where are they? I pray you tell."
She answered, "Seven are we;
And two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea.

"Two of us in the churchyard lie,
My sister and my brother;
And in the churchyard cottage I
Dwell near them with my mother."

"You say that two at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea,
Yet you are seven!—I pray you tell,
Sweet maid, how this may be."

Then did the little maid reply:
"Seven boys and girls are we;
Two of us in the churchyard lie
Beneath the churchyard tree."

"You run about, my little maid,
Your limbs they are alive;
If two are in the churchyard laid,
Then you are only five."

"Their graves are green, they may be seen,"
The little maid replied,
"Twelve steps or more from my mother's door,
And they are side by side.

"My stockings there I often knit,
My kerchief there I hem,
And there upon the ground I sit—
I sit and sing to them.

"And often after sunset, sir,
When it is light and fair,
I take my little porringer
And eat my supper there.

"The first that died was little Jane;
In bed she moaning lay,
Till God released her of her pain
And then she went away.

"So in the churchyard she was laid
And, when the grass was dry,
Together round her grave we played,
My brother John and I.

"And when the ground was white with snow
And I could run and slide,
My brother John was forced to go,
And he lies by her side."

"How many are you, then," said I,
"If they two are in heaven?"
The little maiden did reply,
"O master! we are seven."

"But they are dead; those two are dead!
Their spirits are in heaven!"
'Twas throwing words away for still
The little maid would have her will,
And said, "Nay, we are seven."

—WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

WOLFE AND MONTCALM.

FRANCIS PARKMAN.

THE eventful night of the twelfth was clear and calm, with no light but that of the stars. Within two hours before daybreak thirty boats, crowded with sixteen hundred soldiers, cast off from the vessels and floated downward in perfect order with the current of the ebb tide. To the boundless joy of the army, Wolfe's malady had abated, and he was able to command in person. His ruined health, the gloomy prospects of the siege, and the disaster at Montmorenci, had oppressed him with the deepest melancholy, but never impaired for a moment the promptness of his decisions, or the impetuous energy of his action.

He sat in the stern of one of the boats, pale and weak, but borne up to a calm height of resolution. Every order had been given, every arrangement made, and it only remained to face the issue. The ebbing tide sufficed to bear the boats along, and nothing broke the silence of the night but the gurgling of the

MONUMENT TO WOLFE AND MONTCALM.

river, and the low voice of Wolfe, as he repeated to the officers about him the stanzas of Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," which had recently appeared, and which he had just received from England. Perhaps as he uttered those strangely appropriate words,—

"The paths of glory lead but to the grave,"

the shadows of his own approaching fate stole with mournful prophecy across his mind. "Gentlemen," he said, as he closed his recital, "I would rather have written those lines than take Quebec to-morrow."

As they approached the landing-place, the boats edged closer in towards the northern shore, and the woody precipices rose high on their left like a wall of undistinguished blackness.

"*Qui vive?*" shouted a French sentinel from out the impervious gloom.

"*La France!*" answered a captain of Fraser's Highlanders from the foremost boat.

As boats were frequently passing down the river with supplies for the garrison, and as a convoy from Bougainville was expected that very night, the sentinel was deceived and allowed the English to proceed. A few moments later, they were challenged again, and this time they could discern the soldier running close down to the water's edge, as if all his suspicions were aroused; but the skilful replies of the Highlander once more saved the party from discovery.

They reached the landing-place in safety,—an indentation in the shore about a league above the city and now bearing the name of Wolfe's Cove. Here a narrow path led up the face of the heights, and a French guard was posted at the top to defend the pass. By the force of the current the foremost boats, including that which carried Wolfe himself, were borne a little below the spot. The general was one of the first on shore. He looked upward at the rugged heights which towered above him in the gloom. "You can try it," he coolly observed to an officer near him; "but I don't think you'll get up."

At the point where the Highlanders landed, one of their captains, Donald Macdonald, apparently the same whose presence of mind had just saved the enterprise from ruin, was

climbing in advance of his men, when he was challenged by a sentinel. He replied in French, by declaring that he had been sent to relieve the guard, and ordering the soldier to withdraw. Before the latter was undeceived, a crowd of Highlanders were close at hand, while the steeps below were thronged with eager climbers dragging themselves up by trees, roots, and bushes. The guard turned out and made a brief though brave resistance. In a moment they were cut to pieces, dispersed, or made prisoners, while men after men came swarming up the height and quickly formed upon the plains above. Meanwhile the vessels had dropped downward with the current and anchored opposite the landing-place. The remaining troops were disembarked, and with the dawn of day the whole were brought in safety to the shore.

The sun rose, and from the ramparts of Quebec the astonished people saw the Plains of Abraham glittering with arms, and the dark-red lines of the English forming in array of battle. Breathless messengers had borne the evil tidings to Montcalm, and far and near his wide-extended camp resounded with the rolling of alarm-drums and the din of startled preparation. He too had had his struggles and his sorrows. The civil power

had thwarted him; famine, discontent, and disaffection were rife among his soldiers; and no small portion of the Canadian militia had dispersed from sheer starvation. In spite of all, he had trusted to hold out till the winter frosts should drive the invaders from before the town, when on that disastrous morning the news of their successful temerity fell like a cannon-shot upon his ear. Still he assumed a tone of confidence. "They have got to the weak side of us at last," he is reported to have said, "and we must crush them with our numbers." With headlong haste his troops were pouring over the bridge of the St. Charles, and gathering in heavy masses under the western ramparts of the town. Could numbers give assurance of success, their triumph would have been secure, for five French battalions and the armed colonial peasantry amounted in all to more than seven thousand five hundred men. Full in sight before them stretched the long thin lines of the British forces,—the Highlanders, the steady soldiery of England, and the hardy levies of the provinces,—less than five thousand in number, but all inured to battle and strong in the full assurance of success.

It was nine o'clock, and the adverse armies stood motionless, each gazing on the other.

The clouds hung low, and at intervals warm light showers descended besprinkling both alike. The coppice and cornfields in front of the British troops were filled with French sharpshooters, who kept up a distant spattering fire. Here and there a soldier fell in the ranks, and the gap was filled in silence.

At a little before ten the British could see that Montcalm was preparing to advance, and in a few moments all his troops appeared in rapid motion. They came on in three divisions, shouting after the manner of their nation and firing heavily as soon as they came within range. In the British ranks not a trigger was pulled, not a soldier stirred, and their ominous composure seemed to damp the spirits of the assailants. It was not till the French were within forty yards that the fatal word was given, and the British muskets blazed forth at once in one crashing explosion. Like a ship at full career arrested with sudden ruin on a sunken rock, the ranks of Montcalm staggered, shivered, and broke before that wasting storm of lead. The smoke rolling along the field for a moment shut out the view, but when the white wreaths were scattered on the wind a wretched spectacle was disclosed: men and officers tumbled in heaps, battalions resolved into a

mob, order and obedience gone; and when the British muskets were leveled for a second volley, the masses of the militia were seen to cower and shrink with uncontrollable panic. For a few minutes the French regulars stood their ground returning a sharp and not ineffectual fire. But now, echoing cheer on cheer, redoubling volley on volley, trampling the dying and the dead, and driving the fugitives in crowds, the British troops advanced and swept the field before them. The ardor of the men burst all restraint. They broke into a run and with unsparing slaughter chased the flying multitude to the gates of Quebec. Foremost of all, the light-footed Highlanders dashed along in furious pursuit, hewing down the Frenchmen with their broadswords and slaying many in the very ditch of the fortifications. Never was victory more quick or more decisive.

In the short action and pursuit the French lost fifteen hundred men, killed, wounded, and taken. Of the remainder some escaped within the city, and others fled across the St. Charles to rejoin their comrades who had been left to guard the camp. The pursuers were recalled by sound of trumpet, the broken ranks were formed afresh, and the English troops withdrawn beyond reach of the cannon of Quebec.

Townshend and Murray, the only general officers who remained unhurt, passed to the head of every regiment in turn and thanked the soldiers for the bravery they had shown; yet the triumph of the victors was mingled with sadness as tidings went from rank to rank that Wolfe had fallen.

In the heat of the action, as he advanced at the head of the grenadiers of Louisburg, a bullet shattered his wrist, but he wrapped his handkerchief about the wound, and showed no sign of pain. A moment more and a ball pierced his side. Still he pressed forward waving his sword and cheering his soldiers to the attack, when a third shot lodged deep within his breast. He paused, reeled, and staggering to one side fell to earth. Brown, a lieutenant of the grenadiers, Henderson, a volunteer, an officer of artillery, and a private soldier, raised him together in their arms, and bearing him to the rear laid him softly on the grass. They asked if he would have a surgeon, but he shook his head, and answered that all was over with him. His eyes closed with the torpor of approaching death, and those around sustained his fainting form. Yet they could not withhold their gaze from the wild turmoil before them and the charging ranks of their companions rushing through fire

and smoke. "See how they run," one of the officers exclaimed, as the French fell in confusion before the levelled bayonets. "Who run?" demanded Wolfe, opening his eyes like a man aroused from sleep. "The enemy, sir," was the reply; "they give way everywhere." "Then," said the dying general, "tell Colonel Burton to march Webb's regiment down to Charles River, to cut off their retreat from the bridge. Now, God be praised, I will die in peace," he murmured; and turning on his side he calmly breathed his last.

Almost at the same moment fell his great adversary, Montcalm, as he strove with vain bravery to rally his shattered ranks. Struck down with a mortal wound he was placed upon a litter and borne to the General Hospital on the banks of the St. Charles. The surgeons told him that he could not recover. "I am glad of it," was his calm reply. He then asked how long he might survive and was told that he had not many hours remaining. "So much the better," he said; "I am happy that I shall not live to see the surrender of Quebec." Officers from the garrison came to his bedside to ask his orders and instructions. "I will give no more orders," replied the defeated soldier; "I have much business that must be attended to, of

THE DEATH OF GENERAL WOLFE.
(From a Painting by Benjamin West.)

THE DEATH OF GENERAL WOLFE.

(From a Painting by Benjamin West.)

greater moment than your ruined garrison and this wretched country. My time is very short, therefore, pray leave me."

The victorious army encamped before Quebec and pushed their preparations for the siege with zealous energy but before a single gun was brought to bear, the white flag was hung out and the garrison surrendered. On the eighteenth of September, 1759, the rock-built citadel of Canada passed for ever from the hands of its ancient masters.

—FRANCIS PARKMAN.

THE PLAINS OF ABRAHAM.

I stood upon the plain
That had trembled when the slain
Hurled their proud defiant curses at the battle-heated foe;
When the steed dashed right and left
Through the bloody gaps he cleft,
When the bridle-rein was broken and the rider was laid low.

What busy feet had trod
Upon the very sod
Where I marshalled the battalions of my fancy to my aid!
And I saw the combat dire,
Heard the quick incessant fire,
And the cannons' echoes startling the reverberating glade.

I heard the chorus fire,
That jarred along the lyre
On which the hymn of battle rung, like surgings of the wave
When the storm at blackest night
Wakes the ocean in affright,
As it shouts its mighty Pibroch o'er some shipwrecked vessel's grave.

I saw the broad claymore
Flash from its scabbard, o'er
The ranks that quailed and shuddered at the close and fierce attack;
When victory gave the word
Auld Scotia drew the sword,
And with arms that never faltered drove the brave defenders back.

I saw two great chiefs die,
Their last breaths like the sigh
Of the zephyr-sprite that wantons on the rosy lips of morn;
No enemy-poisoned darts,
No rancor in their hearts,
To unfit them for their triumph over death's impending scorn.

And, as I thought and gazed,
My soul exultant praised
The power to whom each mighty act and victory are due,
For the saint-like peace that smiled
Like a heaven-gifted child,
And for the air of quietude that steeped the distant view.

Oh, more divinest life,
Of peace compared with strife!
Yours is the truest splendor and the most enduring fame,
All the glory ever reaped
Where the fiends of battle leaped
In harsh discord to the music of your undertoned acclaim.

—CHARLES SANGSTER.

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

Our bugles sang truce, for the night-cloud had lowered,
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky;
And thousands had [illegible] on the ground overpowered—
The weary to sl[illegible] the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw
By the wolf-scaring fagot that guarded the slain,
At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array,
Far, far I had roamed on a desolate track;
'Twas autumn—and sunshine arose on the way
To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft
In life's morning march when my bosom was young;
I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore
From my home and my weeping friends never to part;
My little ones kissed me a thousand times o'er,
And my wife sobbed aloud in her fondness and woe.

"Stay, stay with us!—rest; thou art weary and worn!"
And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay;
But sorrow returned with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away!

—THOMAS CAMPBELL.

THE BUGLE SONG.

The splendor falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story;
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow! set the wild echoes flying;
Blow, bugle! answer, echoes,—dying, dying, dying.

O hark! O hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
O sweet and far, from cliff and scar,
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
Blow! let us hear the purple glens replying;
Blow, bugle! answer, echoes,—dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky;
They faint on hill or field or river:
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever.
Blow, bugle, blow! set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes, answer,—dying, dying, dying.

—ALFRED TENNYSON.

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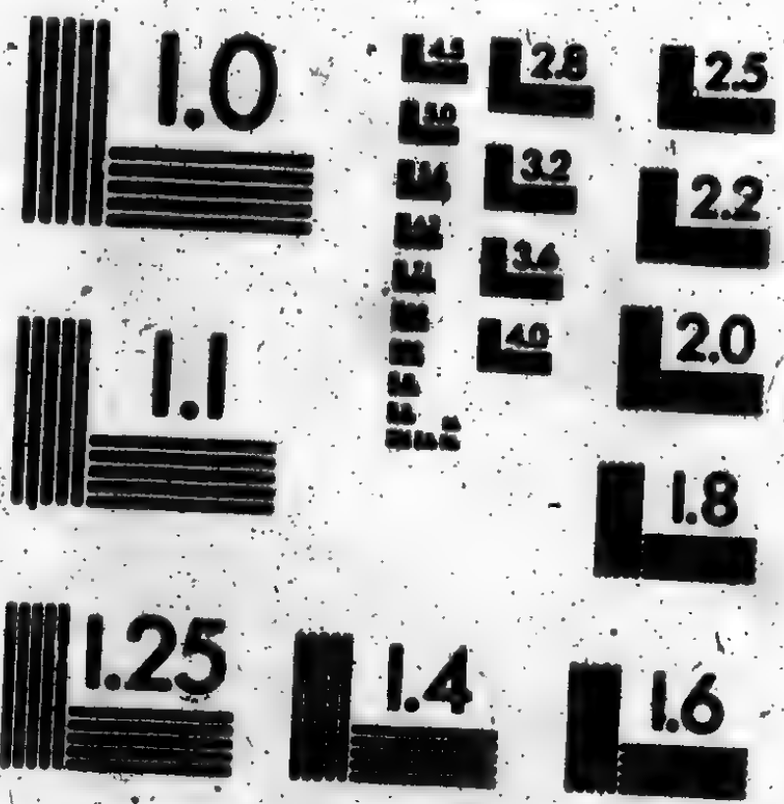

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FIDELITY.

SIR HENRY HAVELOCK was one of the bravest soldiers and ablest generals that England has produced. He did splendid work during the mutiny in India in 1857, and was one of the generals who by rapid marches came to the relief of the small body of British troops that, with women and children and other residents, were shut up in Lucknow, and exposed to a hail of shot and shells which ceased neither day nor night.

In the year 1849 he obtained leave of absence for the sake of his health, and returned to England for a short time. He took a house in one of the suburbs of London. One morning after breakfast he set out for the city on important business, taking with him his son, a little boy of about eleven years of age; and as his business might occupy a good deal of time, his intention was to return late in the evening. The two were soon in the heart of the great city among the hundreds of thousands who every hour stream along its streets. Suddenly, when at the north or city end of London Bridge, a thought struck the father, and he requested his son to remain where he was until he should rejoin him—which he

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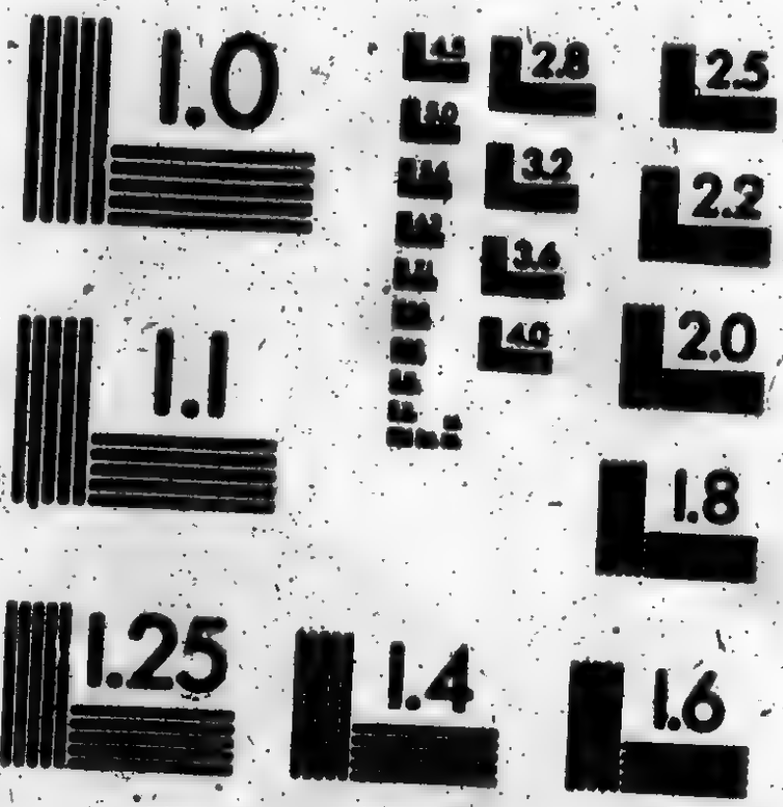

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promised to do in a very short time. Sir Henry was quickly absorbed in the transaction of the different items of business which had drawn him to the city. He went from street to street and from office to office, making arrangements and discussing details with different persons, and his whole mind was filled with what he had to do. The press of work and discussion entirely drove his promise to his son out of his mind. He finished his business and made his way home to his house in the distant suburb.

It was late in the evening when he got home, and one of the first questions put to him on entering was: "But where is Henry?"

"Dear me!" he cried, "I have quite forgotten him; he must be at London Bridge still; I must go and fetch him at once."

"O do sit down and have something to eat," said his wife.

"Certainly not; I must not leave him there a minute longer than I can help." He hurried off and made his way as speedily as he could by the same route which he had taken in the morning. He reached the bridge at midnight.

There, on the very spot where he had left him twelve hours before, he found his faithful son pacing quietly up and down till his father should come to rejoin him. Hour after hour

had passed away, each hour becoming longer, more weary, and more leaden-footed than the last. But the boy stuck to his post. Day declined to evening, and evening passed into night. The city church-clocks tolled with heart-wearying repetition the hours as they passed by, but the boy did not think of moving. Light came out after light; and the long lines of lamps streamed their broken reflections on the cold flowing river. But the boy quietly paced up and down, and stuck to his post. Tens of thousands of human faces swept past him, and he looked in vain for the face of his father among them. He began to feel cold and hungry—he was only eleven—and quite tired out; but he knew that his father would come, because he had made a promise.

Well, the boy was very glad when it was over, and the father was very glad to find his son at his post, and very sorry to think that he had forgotten his promise to him for so long. Many years after, in India, the son proved himself on several battle-fields to be as brave and tenacious and honorable, as a soldier, as he had been when a boy, and he afterwards wore the high distinction of the "Victoria Cross for valor in the face of the enemy."

FIDELITY AND PERSEVERANCE.

I live for those who love me,
For those who know me true,
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit, too;
For the cause that needs assistance,
For the wrong that needs resistance;
For the future in the distance,
For the good that I can do.

Never give up! 'Tis the secret of glory;
Nothing so wise can philosophy preach;
Look at the lives that are famous in story;
"Never give up" is the lesson they teach.

How have men compassed immortal achievements?
How have they moulded the world to their will?
'Tis that 'midst dangers and sorest bereavements,
"Never give up" was their principle still.

Fail!—fail?
In the lexicon of youth, which Fate reserves
For a bright manhood, there's no such word
As—*fail*.

We rise by things that are 'neath our feet;
By what we have mastered of good and gain
By the pride deposed and the passion slain,
And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet.

MORNING AFTER RAIN.

THERE was a roaring in the wind all night—
The rain came heavily and fell in floods;
But now the sun is rising calm and bright—
The birds are singing in the distant woods;
Over his own sweet voice the stock-dove broods;
The jay makes answer as the magpie chatters;
And all the air is filled with pleasant noise of waters.

All things that love the sun are out of doors;
The sky rejoices in the morning's birth;
The grass is bright with rain-drops; on the moors
The hare is running races in her mirth,
And with her feet she from the plashy earth
Raises a mist that, glittering in the sun,
Runs with her all the way, wherever she doth run.

—WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

HISTORY OF JOSEPH.

THE particular favorite of Jacob among his twelve sons was Joseph, the eldest child of his beloved Rachel. This circumstance was perhaps sufficient to excite the envy and hatred of his brethren, but these feelings were increased by the reports of their misconduct which he carried to his father, and by two dreams which he had, indicating his future greatness.

So strong did their dislike to him grow, that having gone to feed their flocks in a distant part of the country, and Joseph having been sent to inquire after their welfare, they determined when they saw him approach to put him to death. From this bloody purpose they were dissuaded by Reuben; but they sold him immediately after to a company of merchants who were traveling with spices from Gilead to Egypt.

To deceive their father, and to keep him ignorant of what had been done with his favorite child, they dipped Joseph's coat of many colors in the blood of a kid, and, when they returned home, showed it to him saying, "This have we found; see whether it be thy son's coat or not?" Jacob knew the coat, and

exclaimed with great anguish, "It is my son's coat; an evil beast hath devoured him: Joseph is surely torn in pieces." Then, rending his clothes and putting sackcloth upon his loins, he mourned for Joseph many days. The rest of his family attempted to comfort him, but he refused their consolation saying, "I will go down to the grave unto my son, mourning."

In the meantime Joseph is carried down into Egypt and sold as a slave to Potiphar, the captain of the king's guard. But Divine Providence watches over him even in the land of the stranger. He soon gains the confidence of his master, who entrusts him with the charge of his whole household. After some time, however, being falsely accused by his master's wife, he is thrown into prison, where he obtains the favor of the keeper, who commits all the other prisoners to his care. Among these are the chief butler and the chief baker of the king. Each of these men has a dream in one night, by which he is greatly perplexed. Joseph interprets the dreams, and his interpretation is verified by the event. Notwithstanding, from the forgetfulness of the chief butler whose restoration to favor Joseph had predicted, he continues in prison for two full years.

About the end of that time Pharaoh the king has two dreams, in the same night, which his wise men are unable to interpret. The chief butler then remembers Joseph, who is instantly brought from prison into the royal presence. He explains to Pharaoh that the seven fat kine and the seven full ears of corn, which he saw in his dreams, signify seven years of great abundance; and that the seven lean kine, and the seven thin ears of corn, are seven years of famine, which are to follow. He also recommends to the king to seek out a wise and discreet man, whom he may set over the land with the power of appointing officers to lay up corn during the plenteous years, as a provision against the years of famine.

The proposal meets with the approbation of the king, who appoints Joseph himself governor over all the land, arrays him in fine apparel, puts a ring upon his hand, and a gold chain about his neck, causes him to ride in his own second chariot, and bids all his subjects bow before him. Thus he whom his brethren sold as a slave, and whom his father still continued to mourn as dead, is raised in the course of a few years by one of those rapid changes by no means uncommon in Eastern countries to the highest office under the king in the land of Egypt.

The years of plenty come according to Joseph's prediction, and by his directions abundance of corn is laid up in store-houses. The years of famine next arrive. All countries flock to Egypt for bread. Among others Joseph's own brothers, with the exception of Benjamin who is kept at home by his father, repair thither. Joseph instantly recognizes them and recollects his youthful dreams, but perceiving that they do not know him, he speaks roughly to them, pretending to mistake them for spies. In vain they assert that they are true men and no spies; in vain they inform him that they belong to a family in Canaan, in which there had once been twelve sons, of whom the youngest was then with his father, and one was not. He still affects to disbelieve them, having indeed no reason to trust them as to what they said of Benjamin, and insists that, in proof of the truth of their story, one of them shall go home and bring his brother, while the rest remain in Egypt. After keeping them in confinement for three days, however, he contents himself with detaining one of them a prisoner, and permits the others to depart to bring down Benjamin.

On the way home, they stop at an inn or caravansary, and are filled with astonishment

and alarm, when one of them, on opening his sack, to give food to his ass, finds the price of the corn in the mouth of the sack. At length they arrive at their father's home, and tell him their singular story. Jacob is filled with grief at the thought of parting with Benjamin, reproaches them for having mentioned that they had a brother, and refuses to let him go. "My son shall not go down with you," says he; "for his brother is dead, and he is left alone; if mischief befall him by the way in which ye go, then shall ye bring down my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave."

But when the corn was nearly consumed, and the famine still continued, the patriarch was forced to yield. He sends them away a second time, accompanied by Benjamin, with a

present to the governor, and double money in their sacks. They again arrive in Egypt, and are brought into Joseph's own house. Alarmed at this, they explain to the steward about the money returned in their sacks. He endeavors to allay their fears, brings out their brother who had been detained a prisoner, gives them water to wash their feet, and furnishes provender to their asses.

Joseph himself soon after appears. They produce their present, and bow before him to the earth. He asks kindly of their welfare, and inquires if the old man their father is still alive and well. Then, casting his eyes on Benjamin, he says, "Is this your younger brother of whom you told me?" and adds, "God be gracious unto thee, my son." But the sight of his brother, the only other child of his own mother Rachel, is more than he can bear. He makes haste to leave the apartment seeking where to weep, and he enters into his chamber and weeps there. As soon as he recovers himself, he entertains them hospitably and shows particular attention to Benjamin.

Next morning, at day-break, they set out on their journey homewards. But scarcely have they gone out of the city where Joseph dwelt, when they are overtaken by the steward,

who charges them with having stolen his lord's cup. They deny the charge; ask if it is a likely circumstance that they, who had brought again from Canaan the money which they had found in the mouths of their sacks, would steal from his lord's house either gold or silver; and boldly declare that if the cup be found in the possession of any of them, not only he shall die for his crime, but all the rest will yield themselves as bondsmen.

"Well now," answers the steward, "let it be according to your words; he with whom the cup is found shall be my servant, and ye shall be blameless."

They then take down their sacks, and the steward proceeds to search, beginning at the eldest and ending at the youngest. At the very time they begin to hope that the danger is past, the cup is found in Benjamin's sack; in which, indeed, it had been previously placed by the steward himself, by the direction of his master. Filled with surprise and terror, they replace their sacks on their asses' backs, and return with the steward to the city.

"What deed is this that ye have done?" cries Joseph, when they are brought into his presence. Judah owns that they cannot clear themselves from the crime with which they are charged, and adds, "Behold, we are my

lord's servants, both we, and he also with whom the cup is found."

"Be it far from me, that I should do so," replies Joseph; "the man in whose hand the cup was found, let him be my servant; and as for you, go ye in peace to your father."

Then Judah comes near to him, and says: "Oh, my lord, let thy servant, I pray thee, speak a word in the ears of my lord, and let not thine anger burn against thy servant, for thou art even as Pharaoh.

"My lord asked his servants, saying, 'Have ye a father or a brother?'

"And we said unto my lord, 'We have a father, an old man, and a child of his old age, a little one; and his brother is dead, and he alone is left of his mother, and his father loveth him.'

"And thou saidst to thy servants, 'Bring him down, that I may set my eyes upon him.'

"And we said unto my lord, 'The youth cannot leave his father, for if he should leave his father, his father would die.'

"And thou saidst to thy servants, 'Except your youngest brother come down with you, ye shall see my face no more.'

"Now when we came up to thy servant my father, we told him the words of my lord. And our father said, 'Go again, and buy us a little food.'

"And we said, 'We cannot go down: if our youngest brother be with us, then will we go down; for we may not see the man's face except our youngest brother be with us.'

"And thy servant my father said unto us, 'Ye know that my wife bare unto me two sons, and the one went out from me, and I said, surely he is torn in pieces, and I saw him not since; and if ye take this also from me, and mischief befall him, ye shall bring down my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave.'

"Now, therefore, when I come to thy servant my father, and the youth be not with us, it will be that when he seeth that the youth is not with us, he will die; and thy servants shall bring down the gray hairs of thy servant our father with sorrow to the grave. For thy servant became surety for the youth to my father, saying, 'If I bring him not unto thee, then shall I bear the blame to my father forever.' Now, therefore, I pray thee, let thy servant abide instead of the youth a bondman to my lord; and let the youth go up with his brethren. For how shall I go up to my father and the youth be not with me? lest peradventure I see the evil that shall come on my father."

Overpowered by this affecting appeal, and satisfied now that all they had told him, of

his father being still alive, was true, Joseph can no longer refrain himself. He orders all others out of his presence and remains alone with his brothers. He then, giving full vent to his emotions, weeps aloud, saying as soon as he can find utterance, "I am Joseph: doth my father yet live?"

Confounded at this declaration they can make no answer. He bids them draw near to him, and then, in a tone of the kindest affection, tells them that he is indeed Joseph, whom they sold into Egypt, but by no means to be grieved or angry with themselves for what they had done: "For," he adds, "it was not you who sent me hither, but God, who hath made me a ruler throughout all the land of Egypt.

"Haste ye, and go up to my father, and say unto him, 'Thus saith thy son Joseph, God hath made me Lord of all Egypt; come down unto me, tarry not; and thou shalt dwell in the land of Goshen, and thou shalt be near unto me—thou and thy children and thy flocks and thy herds and all that thou hast; and there will I nourish thee.'" Then he fell upon his brother Benjamin's neck and wept; and Benjamin wept upon his neck. Moreover he kissed all his brethren, and wept over them; and after that his brethren talked with him.

The news soon reaches the ears of the king, who joins in the invitation for Joseph's family to come down and settle in Egypt and furnishes them with wagons for their conveyance, telling them at the same time that they need not care what they bring along with them, "for," adds he, "the good of all the land of Egypt is yours."

Joseph's brethren accordingly soon after depart laden with presents, and return to their father. The old man, on hearing their extraordinary tidings, has at first great difficulty in believing them; but, on finding them confirmed by the wagons and presents which they brought along with them, he with grateful transport exclaims, "It is enough; Joseph my son is yet alive; I will go and see him before I die."

HYMN OF THE HEBREW MAID.

WHEN Israel of the Lord beloved
Out from the land of bondage came,
Her fathers' God before her moved,
An awful guide in smoke and flame.
By day along the astonish'd lands
The cloudy pillar glided slow;
By night Arabia's crimson'd sands
Return'd the fiery pillar's glow.

There rose the choral hymn of praise,
And trump and timbrel answer'd keen;
And Zion's daughters pour'd their lays,
With priest's and warrior's voice between.
No portents now our foes amaze,
Forsaken, Israel wanders lone;
Our fathers would not know Thy ways,
And Thou hast left them to their own.

But, present still though now unseen,
When brightly shines the prosperous day,
Be thoughts of thee a cloudy screen
To temper the deceitful ray.
And oh! when stoops on Judah's path
In shade and storm the frequent night,
Be Thou long suffering, slow to wrath,
A burning and a shining light.

Our harps we left by Babel's streams,
The tyrants' jest, the Gentiles' scorn,
No censer round our altar beams,
And mute are timbrel, trump, and horn.
But Thou hast said,—"The blood of goats,
The flesh of rams, I will not prize;
A contrite heart, an humble thought,
Are mine accepted sacrifice."

—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

MIRIAM'S SONG.

SOUND the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
Jehovah has triumphed—His people are free!
Sing!—for the pride of the tyrant is broken:
His chariots, his horsemen, all splendid and brave—
How vain was their boasting!—the Lord hath but spoken,
And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the wave!
Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
Jehovah has triumphed—His people are free!

Praise to the Conqueror! praise to the Lord!
His word was our arrow, His breath was our sword!
Who shall return to tell Egypt the story
Of those she sent forth in the hour of her pride!
For the Lord hath looked out from his pillar of glory,
And all her brave thousands are dashed in the tide.
Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
Jehovah has triumphed—His people are free!

—THOMAS MOORE.

THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB.

The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue waves roll nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green
That host with their banners at sunset were seen;
Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath blown
That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed;
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved and for ever were still!

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there rolled not the breath of his pride.
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf
And cold as the spray on the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale
With the dew on his brow and the rust on his mail;
The tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow at the glance of the Lord.

—LORD BYRON.

THE MOUSE AND THE MOONBEAM.

WHILST you were sleeping, little Dear-my-Soul, strange things happened; but that I saw and heard them, I should never have believed them. The clock stood, of course, in the corner, a moonbeam floated idly on the floor, and a little mauve mouse came from the hole in the chimney corner and frisked and scampered in the light of the moonbeam upon the floor.

The little mauve mouse was particularly merry; sometimes she danced upon two legs and sometimes upon four legs, but always very daintily and always very merrily.

"Ah, me!" sighed the old clock, "how different mice are nowadays from the mice we used to have in the good old times! Now there was your grandma, Mistress Velvetpaw, and there was your grandpa, Master Sniff-whisker,—how grave and dignified they were! "Many a night have I seen them dancing upon the carpet below me, but always the stately minuet and never that crazy frisking which you are executing now, to my surprise —yes, and to my horror, too."

"But why shouldn't I be merry?" asked

the little mauve mouse. "To-morrow is Christmas and this is Christmas eve."

"So it is," said the old clock. "I had really forgotten all about it. But, tell me, what is Christmas to you, little Miss Mauve Mouse?"

"A great deal to me!" cried the little mauve mouse. "I have been very good a very long time: I have not used any bad words, nor have I gnawed any holes, nor have I stolen any canary seed, nor have I worried my mother by running behind the flour barrel where that horrid trap is set. In fact, I have been so good that I'm very sure Santa Claus will bring me something very pretty."

This seemed to amuse the old clock mightily; in fact, the old clock fell to laughing so heartily that she struck twelve instead of ten, which was exceedingly careless.

"Why, you silly little mauve mouse," said the old clock, "you don't believe in Santa Claus, do you?"

"Of course I do," answered the little mauve mouse. "Believe in Santa Claus? Why shouldn't I? Didn't Santa Claus bring me a beautiful butter-cracker last Christmas, and a lovely gingersnap, and a delicious rind of cheese, and—and—lots of things? I should be very ungrateful if I did not believe in Santa Claus, and I certainly shall not dis-

believe in him at the very moment when I am expecting him to arrive with a bundle of goodies for me."

"But if you believe in Santa Claus, why aren't you in bed?" said the old clock.

"That's where I shall be presently," answered the little mauve mouse, "but I must have my scamper, you know. It is very pleasant, I assure you, to frolic in the light of the moon; only I cannot understand why you are always so cold and so solemn and so still, you pale pretty little moonbeam."

"Indeed, I do not know that I am so," said the moonbeam. "But I am very old, and I have traveled many many leagues, and I have seen wondrous things. Sometimes I toss upon the ocean, sometimes I fall upon a slumbering flower. I see the fairies at their play and I hear mothers singing lullabies. Last night I swept across the frozen bosom of a river."

"How strangely you talk," said the old clock. "Now, I'll warrant me that, if you wanted to, you could tell many a pretty and wonderful story. You must know many a Christmas tale; pray, tell us one to wear away this night of Christmas watching."

"I know but one," said the moonbeam. "I have told it over and over again in every land and in every home, yet I do not weary

EUGENE FIELD.

of it. It is very simple. Should you like to hear it?"

"Indeed we should," said the old clock; "but before you begin, let me strike twelve, for I shouldn't want to interrupt you."

When the old clock had performed this duty, the moonbeam began its story:—"Upon a time—so long ago that I can't tell how long ago it was—I fell upon a hillside. It was in a far distant country: this I know, because, although it was the Christmas time, it was not in that country as it is wont to be in countries to the north. Hither the snow king never came, flowers bloomed all the year, and at all times the lambs found pleasant pasturage on the hillsides.

"The night wind was balmy and there was a fragrance of cedar in its breath. There were violets on the hillside and I fell amongst them and lay there. I kissed them and they awakened. 'Ah, is it you, little moonbeam?' they said, and they nestled in the grass which the lambs had left uncropped.

"A shepherd lay upon a broad stone on the hillside; above him spread an olive tree, old, ragged, and gloomy. The shepherd's name was Benoni. Wearied with long watching he had fallen asleep; his crook had slipped from his hand. "Upon the hillside, too, slept the shepherd's flock. I had counted them again and again; I had stolen across their gentle faces and brought them pleasant dreams of green pastures and of cool water-brooks.

"'Ah, is it you, little moonbeam?' quoth the violets. 'You have come in good time. Nestle here with us, and see wonderful things come to pass.'

"'What are these wonderful things of which you speak?' I asked.

"'We heard the old olive tree telling of them to-night,' said the violets.

"'Do not go to sleep, little violets,' said the old olive tree, 'for this is Christmas night, and the Master shall walk upon the hillside in the glory of the midnight hour.'

"So we waited and watched; one by one the lambs fell asleep; one by one the stars peeped out; the shepherd nodded and crooned and crooned and nodded, and at last he, too, went fast asleep, and his crook slipped from his keeping. "Then we called to the old olive tree yonder, asking how soon the midnight hour would come; but all the old olive tree answered was, 'Presently, presently,' and finally we, too, fell asleep, wearied by our long watching, and lulled by the rocking and swaying of the old olive tree in the breezes of the night.

"'But who is this Master?' I asked.

"'A child, a little child,' they answered. 'He is called the little Master by the others. He comes here often and plays among the flowers of the hillside. Sometimes the lambs, gamboling too carelessly, have crushed and bruised us so that we lie bleeding and are likely to die; but the little Master heals our wounds and refreshes us once again.'

"I marveled much to hear these things. 'The midnight hour is at hand,' said I, 'and I will abide with you to see this little Master of whom you speak.' So we nestled among the verdure of the hillside and sang songs one to another.

"'Come away!' called the night wind; 'I

know a beauteous sea not far hence, upon whose bosom you shall float, float, float away out into the mists and clouds, if you will come with me.' But I hid under the violets and amid the tall grass that the night wind might not woo me with its pleading. 'Ho there, old olive tree!' cried the violets; 'do you see the little Master coming? Is not the midnight hour at hand?'

"'I can see the town yonder,' said the old olive tree. 'A star beams bright over Bethlehem, the iron gates swing open, and the little Master comes.'

"Two children came to the hillside. The one, older than his comrade, was Dimas the son of Benoni. He was rugged and sinewy, and over his brown shoulders was flung a goatskin; a leathern cap did not confine his long dark curly hair. The other child was he whom they called the little Master; about his slender form clung raiment white as snow, and around his face of heavenly innocence fell curls of golden yellow.

"So beautiful a child I had not seen before, nor have I ever since seen such as he; and as they came together to the hillside, there seemed to glow about the little Master's head a soft white light, as if the moon had sent its tenderest fairest beams to kiss those golden curls.

"'What sound was that?' cried Dimas, for he was exceeding fearful.

"'Have no fear, Dimas,' said the little Master. 'Give me thy hand, and I will lead thee.'

"Presently they came to the rock whereon Beroni the shepherd lay; and they stood under the old olive tree, and the old olive tree swayed no longer in the night wind, but bent its branches reverently in the presence of the little Master. It seemed as if the wind, too, stayed in its shifting course just then; for suddenly there was a solemn hush.

"'Thy father sleeps,' said the little Master, 'and it is well that it is so; for that I love thee, Dimas, and that thou shalt walk with me in my Father's kingdom, I would show thee the glories of my birthright.'

"Then all at once sweet music filled the air, and light greater than the light of day illumined the sky and fell upon all that hillside. The heavens opened, and angels singing joyous songs walked to the earth. More wondrous still, the stars falling from their places in the sky clustered upon the old olive tree, and swung hither and thither like colored lanterns. The flowers of the hillside all awakened, and they, too, danced and sang. "The angels coming hither hung gold and

silver and jewels and precious stones upon the old olive, where swung the stars; so that the glory of that sight, though I might live forever, I shall never see again.

"When Dimas heard and saw these things he fell upon his knees, and catching the hem of the little Master's garment he kissed it.

"'Greater joy than this shall be thine, Dimas,' said the little Master; 'but first must all things be fulfilled.'

"All through that Christmas night did the angels come and go with their sweet anthems; all through that Christmas night did the stars dance and sing; and when it came my time to steal away, the hillside was still beautiful with the glory and the music of heaven."

"Well, is that all?" asked the old clock.

"No," said the moonbeam; "but I am nearly done. The years went on. Sometimes I tossed upon the ocean's bosom, sometimes I scampered o'er a battlefield, sometimes I lay upon a dead child's face. I heard the voices of Darkness and mothers' lullabies and sick men's prayers, —and so the years went on.

"I fell one night upon a hard and furrowed face. It was of ghostly pallor. A thief was dying on the cross, and this was his wretched face. About the cross stood men with staves and swords and spears, but none paid heed

unto the thief. Somewhat beyond this cross another was lifted up, and upon it was stretched a human body my light fell not upon.

"But I heard a voice that somewhere I had heard before,—though where I did not know,—and this voice blessed those that railed and jeered and shamefully entreated. And suddenly the voice called 'Dimas, Dimas!' and the thief upon whose hardened face I rested made answer. "Then I saw that it was Dimas; yet to this wicked criminal there remained but little of the shepherd child whom I had seen in all his innocence upon the hillside. Long years of sinful life had seared their marks into his face; yet now, at the sound of that familiar voice, somewhat of the old-time boyish look came back, and I seemed to see the shepherd's son again.

"'The Master!' cried Dimas, and he stretched forth his neck that he might see him that spake.

"'O Dimas, how art thou changed!' cried the Master, yet there was in his voice no tone of rebuke save that which cometh of love.

"Then Dimas wept and in that hour he forgot his pain. And the Master's consoling voice and the Master's presence there wrought in the dying criminal such a new spirit that, when at last his head fell upon his bosom and the men about the cross said that he

was dead, it seemed as if I shined, not upon a felon's face, but upon the face of the gentle shepherd lad, the son of Benoni. "And shining on that dead and peaceful face, I bethought me of the little Master's words that he had spoken under the old olive tree upon the hillside: 'Your eyes behold the promised glory now, O Dimas,' I whispered, 'for with the Master you walk in Paradise.'"

Ah, little Dear-my-Soul, you know—you know, whereof the moonbeam spake. The shepherd's bones are dust, the flocks are scattered, the old olive tree is gone, the flowers of the hillside are withered, and none knoweth where the grave of Dimas is made. But last night again there shined a star over Bethlehem, and the angels descended from the sky to earth, and the stars sang together in glory. And the bells,—hear them, little Dear-my-Soul, how sweetly they are ringing,—the bells bear us the good tidings of great joy this Christmas morning, that our Christ is born, and that with him he bringeth peace on earth and goodwill toward men.

Madge Wolfenden

Kind hearts are the gardens,
Kind thoughts are the roots,
Kind words are the blossoms,
Kind deeds are the fruits.

THE MAY QUEEN.

You must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear;
To-morrow 'll be the happiest time of all the glad New-year;
Of all the glad New-year, mother, the maddest merriest day;
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

There's many a black black eye, they say, but none so bright as mine;
There's Margaret and Mary, there's Kate and Caroline:
But none so fair as little Alice in all the land they say,
So I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

I sleep so sound all night, mother, that I shall never wake,
If you do not call me loud when the day begins to break:
But I must gather knots of flowers, and buds and garlands gay,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

As I came up the valley whom think ye should I see,
But Robin leaning on the bridge beneath the hazel-tree?
He thought of that sharp look, mother, I gave him yesterday,
But I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

He thought I was a ghost, mother, for I was all in white
And I ran by him without speaking, like a flash of light.
They call me cruel-hearted, but I care not what they say,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

They say he's dying all for love, but that can never be:
They say his heart is breaking, mother—what is that to me?
There's many a bolder lad 'ill woo me any summer day,
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

Little Effie shall go with me to-morrow to the green,
And you'll be there, too, mother, to see me made the Queen;

For the shepherd lads on every side 'ill come from far away,
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

The honeysuckle round the porch has wov'n its wavy bowers,
And by the meadow-trenches blow the faint sweet cuckoo-flowers;
And the wild marsh-marigold shines like fire in swamps and hollows gray,
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

The night winds come and go, mother, upon the meadow-grass,
And the happy stars above them seem to brighten as they pass;
There will not be a drop of rain the whole of the livelong day,
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

All the valley, mother, 'ill be fresh and green and still,
And the cowslip and the crowfoot are over all the hill,
And the rivulet in the flowery dale 'ill merrily glance and play,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

So you must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear,
To-morrow 'ill be the happiest time of all the glad New-year:

To-morrow 'ill be of all the year the maddest merriest day,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

NEW YEAR'S EVE.

If you're waking call me early, call me early, mother dear,
For I would see the sun rise upon the glad New-year.
It is the last New-year that I shall ever see,
Then you may lay me low i' the mould and think no more of me.

To-night I saw the sun set: he set and left behind
The good old year, the dear old time, and all my peace of mind;
And the New-year's coming up, mother, but I shall never see
The blossom on the blackthorn, the leaf upon the tree.

Last May we made a crown of flowers: we had a merry day;
Beneath the hawthorn on the green they made me Queen of May;
And we danced about the may-pole and in the hazel copse,
Till Charles' Wain came out above the tall white chimney-tops.

There's not a flower on all the hills: the frost is on the pane:
I only wish to live till the snowdrops come again;

I wish the snow would melt and the sun come out on high:
I long to see a flower so before the day I die.

The building rook 'll caw from the windy tall elm-tree,
And the tufted plover pipe along the fallow lea,
And the swallow 'ill come back again with summer o'er the wave,
But I shall lie alone, mother, within the mouldering grave.

Upon the chancel-casement and upon that grave of mine
In the early early morning the summer sun 'ill shine,
Before the red cock crows from the farm upon the hill,
When you are warm-asleep, mother, and all the world is still.

When the flowers come again, mother, beneath the waning light
You'll never see me more in the long gray fields at night,
When from the dry dark wold the summer airs blow cool
On the oat-grass and the sword-grass and the bulrush in the pool.

You'll bury me, my mother, just beneath the hawthorn shade,
And you'll come sometimes and see me where I am lowly laid.
I shall not forget you, mother, I shall hear you when you pass,
With your feet above my head in the long and pleasant grass.

I have been wild and wayward, but you'll forgive me now;
You'll kiss me, my own mother, and forgive me ere I go;
Nay, nay, you must not weep, nor let your grief be wild;
You should not fret for me, mother, you have another child.

If I can I'll come again, mother, from out my resting place;
Tho' you'll not see me, mother, I shall look upon your face;
Tho' I cannot speak a word, I shall harken what you say,
And be often, often with you when you think I'm far away.

Goodnight, goodnight, when I have said goodnight for evermore,
And you see me carried out from the threshold of the door,
Don't let Effie come to see me till my grave be growing green:
She'll be a better child to you than ever I have been.

She'll find my garden-tools upon the granary floor:
Let her take 'em: they are hers: I shall never garden more:
But tell her, when I'm gone, to train the rosebush that I set
About the parlor-window, and the box of mignonette.

Goodnight, sweet mother: call me before the day is born.
All night I lie awake, but I fall asleep at morn;

But I would see the sun rise upon the glad New-year,
So, if you're waking, call me, call me early, mother dear.

CONCLUSION.

I thought to pass away before, and yet alive I am;
And in the fields all round I hear the bleating of the lamb.

How sadly, I remember, rose the morning of the year!
To die before the snowdrop came, and now the violet's here.

O sweet is the new violet that comes beneath the skies,
And sweeter is the young lamb's voice to me that cannot rise,
And sweet is all the land about, and all the flowers that blow,
And sweeter far is death than life to me that long to go.

It seem'd so hard at first, mother, to leave the blessed sun,
And now it seems as hard to stay, and yet His will be done!
But still I think it can't be long before I find release;
And that good man, the clergyman, has told me words of peace.

O blessings on his kindly voice and on his silver hair!
And blessings on his whole life long, until he meet me there!
O blessings on his kindly heart and on his silver head!
A thousand times I blest him as he knelt beside my bed.

He taught me all the mercy for he show'd me all the sin.
Now, tho' my lamp was lighted late, there's One will let me in:
Nor would I now be well, mother, again if that could be,
For my desire is but to pass to Him that died for me.

I did not hear the dog howl, mother, or the death-watch beat,
There came a sweeter token when the night and morning meet:
But sit beside my bed, mother, and put your hand in mine,
And Effie on the other side, and I will tell the sign.

All in the wild March-morning I heard the angels call;
It was when the moon was setting and the dark was over all;
The trees began to whisper and the wind began to roll,
And in the wild March-morning I heard them call my soul.

For lying broad awake I thought of you and Effie dear;
I saw you sitting in the house, and I no longer here;
With all my strength I pray'd for both and so I felt resign'd,
And up the valley came a swell of music on the wind.

I thought that it was fancy and I listen'd in my bed,
And then did something speak to me—I know not what was said;

For great delight and shuddering took hold of all my mind,
And up the valley came again the music on the wind.

But you were sleeping; and I said, 'It's not for them: it's mine.'
And if it come three times, I thought, I take it for a sign.
And once again it came, and close beside the window-bars,
Then seem'd to go right up to Heaven and die among the stars.

So now I think my time is near. I trust it is. I know
The blessed music went that way my soul will have to go.
And for myself, indeed, I care not if I go to-day.
But, Effie, you must comfort her when I am past away.

And say to Robin a kind word and tell him not to fret;
There's many a worthier than I, would make him happy yet.
If I had lived—I cannot tell—I might have been his wife,
But all these things have ceased to be with my desire of life.

O look! the sun begins to rise, the heavens are in a glow;
He shines upon a hundred fields and all of them I know.

And there I move no longer now and there His light may shine—
Wild flowers in the valley for other hands than mine.

O sweet and strange it seems to me that, ere this day is done,
The voice that now is speaking may be beyond the sun—
For ever and for ever with those just souls and true—
And what is life, that we should moan? Why make we such ado?

For ever and for ever all in a blessed home—
And there to wait a little while till you and Effie come—
To lie within the light of God as I lie upon your breast—
And the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.

A dreamer dropped a random thought;
'Twas old and yet 'twas new;
A simple fancy of the brain
But strong in being true.

It shone upon a genial mind,
And lo! its light became
A lamp of life, a beacon ray,
A monitory flame.

—*Charles Mackay.*

THE SENTINEL'S POUCH.

PRIVATE WILLIAM BAUM, of the Prussian army, as he stood peering into the darkness, was almost wishing that the Austrians and Russians, whose camp-fires he could see along the other side of the valley, would make an attack and give him something else to do than shiver in the wet.

But they did not; and Baum growing colder and wetter every minute wished himself back in his snug little apple-orchard at the foot of the "Giant Mountains," where he used to be in bed every night before the village clock tolled ten, after a good supper of brown bread and cabbage.

"If the king had to be out in a night of this sort," he said aloud, "he'd soon be as tired of war as I am."

"And how do you know he hasn't?" broke in a sharp voice close beside him.

At once Baum was himself again. The first sign of a stranger approaching his post recalled him to his duty as a soldier. His musket was at his shoulder in a moment, and his voice rang out clear and stern,—

"Stand! Who goes there?"

"A friend," replied the unknown.

"Advance, friend, and give the pass-word."

"'The Prussian eagle.'"

"Pass friend; all's well."

But instead of passing on the stranger came close up to the sentry, who could just make out by a stray gleam of moonlight that his visitor was wrapped in a horseman's cloak, and had a hat drawn over his eyes in such a way as to hide his face.

"You seem to have rather damp quarters here, comrade," said he. "Why don't you have a smoke to warm yourself a bit?"

"Smoke!" replied the sentry. "Why, where do you come from, brother, not to know that smoking on duty is forbidden?"

"But suppose the king gave you leave to smoke?" said the stranger.

"The king!" answered the soldier, gruffly. "What would my captain say? Long before the king could hear of it, the drummer's cane would make acquaintance with my back."

"Pooh! the captain's not here to see you. Out with your pipe, man. I'll tell no tales."

"Look here, you rascal!" cried the soldier, in an angry tone, "I half suspect you're some fellow who wants to get me into trouble. Now if that's so you had better be off before worse comes of it; for if you say any more I'll give you a cuff you won't like."

"I'd like to see you try it," said the other, with a laugh.

The soldier's only reply was a blow which sent the stranger's battered old hat flying into the air, while he himself staggered back several paces.

"Very good," said he recovering himself and speaking in quite a different tone. "You'll hear of this to-morrow, my man, and get what you deserve, never fear. Good-night to you."

He stooped as he spoke, and picking up something from the ground vanished into the darkness. The sudden change in his unknown visitor's tone and manner, and his parting threat, caused some uneasiness to Baum. He began to fear that he had insulted an officer of high rank—a colonel at the very least, perhaps even a general. "However," thought he, "he doesn't know my name, that's one comfort; and he won't find it very easy to describe the spot where I was posted, seeing that the night is so dark."

But the next moment he gave a terrible start, for he had just missed his tobacco-pouch which usually hung at his belt; and he remembered having seen the stranger pick up something as he went off. It must have been the pouch, and his name was upon it

in full. There was not much sleep for poor Baum that night although he was relieved from guard half an hour later. He tried to keep up his courage by telling himself over and over again that the general could hardly punish him for obeying orders; but even this did not comfort him much, for in those days there were very few things which a general could not do to a private soldier.

The next morning, sure enough, a corporal and four men came to conduct Private William Baum to headquarters; and when he got there he found all the generals standing around a little lean bright-eyed man in a very shabby dress, whom Baum knew at once to be the king himself—Frederick the Great of Prussia.

"Gentlemen," said Frederick with a sharp glance at the unlucky sentry, "what does a Prussian soldier deserve who strikes his king?"

"Death," answered the generals with one voice.

"Good!" said Frederick. "Here is the man."

And he held out a tobacco-pouch with the name of "William Baum."

"Mercy, sire, mercy!" cried Baum, falling on his knees. "I never thought it was your Majesty with whom I was speaking."

"No, I don't suppose you did," said the king clapping him on the shoulder; "and I hope all my soldiers will obey orders as well as you do. I said you should get what you deserve, and so you shall, for I'll make you sergeant this very day."

And the king kept his word.

SOLDIER, REST!

Soldier, rest! Thy warfare o'er,
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking;
Dream of battled fields no more,
Days of danger, nights of waking.
In our isle's enchanted hall
Hands unseen thy couch are strewing,
Fairy strains of music fall
Every sense in slumber dewing.
Soldier, rest! Thy warfare o'er,
Dream of fighting fields no more;
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
Morn of toil, or night of waking.

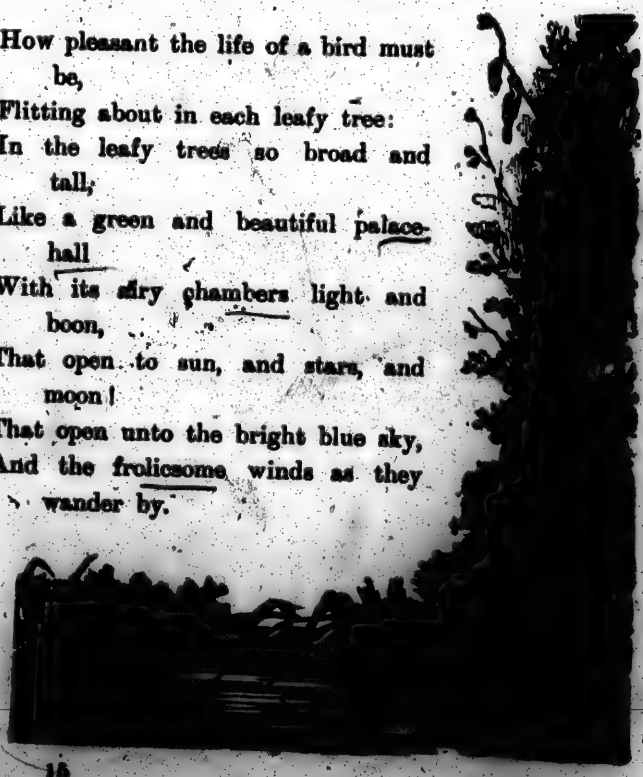
No rude sound shall reach thine ear,
Armor's clang or war-steed champing;
Trump nor pibroch summon here
Mustering clan, or squadron tramping.
Yet the lark's shrill fife may come
At the day-break from the fallow,
And the bittern sound his drum
Booming from the sedgy shallow.

Ruder sounds shall none be near;
Guards nor warders challenge here;
Here's no war-stead's neigh and champing,
Shouting clans, or squadrons stamping.

—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

BIRDS IN SUMMER.

How pleasant the life of a bird must be,
Flitting about in each leafy tree:
In the leafy trees so broad and tall,
Like a green and beautiful palace-hall
With its airy chambers light and boon,
That open to sun, and stars, and moon!
That open unto the bright blue sky,
And the frolicsome winds as they wander by.



They have left their nests in the forest bough;
Those homes of delight they need not now;
And the young and the old they wander out
And traverse their green world round about;
And hark! at the top of this leafy hall,
How one to the other they lovingly call:
"Come up, come up!" they seem to say,
"Where the topmost twigs in the breezes sway!"

"Come up, come up, for the world is fair
Where the merry leaves dance in the summer air,"
And the birds below give back the cry:
"We come, we come, to the branches high!"
How pleasant the life of a bird must be
Flitting about in a leafy tree;
And away through the air what joy to go,
And to look on the bright green earth below.

How pleasant the life of a bird must be,
Wherever it listeth there to flee;
To go, when a joyful fancy calls,
Dashing adown 'mong the waterfalls,
Then wheeling about with its mates at play,
Above and below, and among the spray,
Hither and thither, with screams as wild
As the laughing mirth of a rosy child!

How pleasant the life of a bird must be,
Skimming about on the breezy sea,
Cresting the billows like silvery foam,
And then wheeling away to its cliff-built home

What joy it must be to sail, upborne
By a strong free wing, through the rosy morn,
To meet the young sun face to face,
And pierce like a shaft the boundless space!

What joy it must be, like a living breeze,
To flutter about 'mong the flowering trees;
Lightly to soar and to see beneath
The wastes of the blossoming purple heath,
And the yellow furze like fields of gold
That gladden some fairy regions old!
On mountain tops, on the billowy sea,
On the leafy stems of the forest tree,
How pleasant the life of a bird must be!

—MARY HOWITT.

LINES ON A SKELETON.

Behold this ruin! 'Twas a skull
Once of ethereal spirit full;
This narrow cell was life's retreat,
This space was thought's mysterious seat.
What beauteous visions filled this spot,
What dreams of pleasure long forgot!
Nor hope nor pleasure, joy nor fear,
Has left one trace of record here.

Beneath this mouldering canopy
Once shone the bright and busy eye;
But start not at the dismal void;
If social love that eye employed,
If with no lawless fire it gleamed
But through the dews of kindness beamed,
That eye shall be forever bright
When stars and suns are sunk in night.

Within this hollow cavern hung
The ready, swift, and tuneful tongue;
If falsehood's honey it disdained
And where it could not praise was chained
If bold in virtue's cause it spoke
Yet gentle concord never broke,
This silent tongue shall plead for thee
When time unveils eternity.

Say, did these fingers delve the mine?
Or with its envied rubies shine?
To hew the rock, or wear the gem,
Can little now avail to them;

But if the path of truth they sought,
Or comfort to the mourner brought,
These hands a richer meed shall claim
Than all that wait on Wealth or Fame.

Avails it whether bare or shod
These feet the path of duty trod?
If from the bowers of Ease they fled
To seek Affliction's humble bed,
If Grandeur's guilty bribe they spurned,
And home to Virtue's cot returned,
These feet with angels' wings shall vie,
And tread the palace of the sky.

ALADDIN, OR THE WONDERFUL LAMP.

In the capital of one of the richest kingdoms of China there once lived a tailor named Mustapha. He was very poor and could hardly support himself, his wife, and their only son, whose name was Aladdin. The boy was careless and indolent, and his idle disposition troubled Mustapha so much that his grief cost him his life. Aladdin being no longer restrained by his father indulged his indolence to the utmost, and was not ashamed to be supported by his mother's labor.

One day, as he was amusing himself with his companions, a stranger stopped to observe him. This stranger was in fact so noted a

wizard that he was called "the African Magician," and he had arrived from his own country only two days before. After looking at the youth for some time, he inquired among his playmates who the lad was, and presently learned his little history. The wily African then went up to him and asked him if his father was not called Mustapha the tailor? "He was so called," replied the boy, "but he has been dead for some time." At this account the magician pretended to burst into tears and told him he was his father's brother.

The following day the magician took Aladdin out with him and gave him money and handsome clothes, promising to set him up in business. He afterwards conducted him to the gardens belonging to the nobility situated in the suburbs of the city. Aladdin was highly delighted, so his false uncle led him by degrees into the country.

At length they came to a valley which separated two mountains of nearly the same height. The wizard told Aladdin he would show him some very wonderful things hitherto unknown to mortals. Directing him to gather a parcel of dry sticks and kindle a fire, the African cast a perfume into it and pronounced certain magical words. Immediately a great smoke arose, after which the earth trembled a

little, and opening revealed a stone about half a yard square with a brass ring fixed in the centre for the purpose of lifting it up.

Aladdin was very much alarmed, and was about to run away when he was roughly stopped by the magician: "There is hidden," said he, "under that stone a treasure that is destined for you and that will one day make you richer than the greatest potentate of the earth. No one but you is permitted to touch or lift this stone, or go beneath it; but you must carefully observe all my instructions. Pronounce the names of your father and grandfather, take hold of the ring, and you may lift the stone without any difficulty." Aladdin did as he was directed, and, in spite of its immense size, he removed the stone with great ease and discovered a hole several feet deep and steps to descend lower.

"Observe," said the wizard, "what I am going to say to you. Not only the possession of the treasure, but your life itself, will depend on your careful attention. Though I have opened this cave, I am forbidden to enter it: that honor is permitted only to you. Go down boldly, then. You will find at the bottom of these steps three great halls, in each of which you will see a large number of coffers full of gold and silver. Be sure you do not meddle

with them; nor must you suffer even your garments to touch the walls. If you do, you will instantly perish. When you have passed through these halls you will come to a garden. Here you will be perfectly safe, and may handle any thing you see. At the farther end of it you will find a lamp, burning in a niche. Extinguish it, throw away the wick, pour out the liquid that is within it, and put the lamp in your bosom to bring to me."

When the magician had given these directions to Aladdin he took a ring off his finger, and put it on that of his pretended nephew, telling him that it would preserve him from all evil. "Descend boldly," he added, "and we shall both become immensely rich for the rest of our lives." Aladdin obeyed exactly. He entered the garden, secured the lamp, put it in his bosom, and began calmly to look about him. He found that the trees were loaded with fruits of many colors,—transparent, white, red, green, blue, purple, and yellow. The transparent were diamonds; the white, pearls; the red, rubies; the green, emeralds; the blue, turquoises; the purple, amethysts; and the yellow, sapphires. All these fruits were large, and very beautiful.

Aladdin, though he knew nothing of their value, was much pleased with them; and, as he

[redacted]

was a lamp which would render its possessor more powerful than any prince in the world; but, as he was not permitted to enter the place himself, he resolved to induce some friendless boy to fetch him the wonderful talisman, and, having gained it, to shut up the cave and leave the lad to his fate. When Aladdin, therefore, called out for his assistance, the wizard called as loudly for the lamp. The young man would readily have given it to him if he had not buried it in his bosom by the quantity of jewels he had put over it; and, being ashamed to acknowledge this, he entreated the magician to help him out, and he would deliver it to him immediately.

The dispute had lasted a short time, and neither of them was disposed to give way,

when the African turning his head saw some people from the city entering the valley. Fear of being discovered by them and rage at the obstinacy of the lad overcame every other feeling. He pronounced two magical words, which replaced the stone and closed the earth. By this means he lost all hope of obtaining the lamp, since it was forever out of his power to open the cave again or to teach others how to do it; but he gratified his revenge by leaving Aladdin, as he supposed, to certain death. He set off straightway for his own country, taking care not to return to the city.

Aladdin was exceedingly terrified to find himself buried alive. He cried out, and called to his uncle offering to give him the lamp immediately; but it was too late. As the cave was very dark he thought of returning through the halls into the garden, which was light; but the door, which had been opened by enchantment, was now shut. After he had been there two days he happened to clasp his hands in his agony and thus rubbed the ring which the magician had put upon his finger, but had forgotten to take away. Immediately there rose out of the earth an enormous genius, in whose hand was a torch that lighted up the cave as though the sun shone in it. Said the

genius to him, "What wouldst thou have? I am ready to obey thee as thy slave, while thou wearest the ring: I and the other slaves of the ring."

At any other time Aladdin would have been frightened to death by such an appearance; but despair gave him courage and he cried, "I charge you, by the ring, to release me if you can from this place." He had no sooner spoken than the earth opened, and the genius lifting him up to the surface immediately disappeared in a very mysterious manner. Aladdin rejoiced greatly at his deliverance and found his way home without much difficulty; but he was so agitated by his adventure and so faint for want of sustenance that it was only after he had partaken of food that he could tell his story. His mother congratulated him on his escape and railed against the treacherous impostor who led him into captivity.

The next morning, when Aladdin awoke, he was very hungry and called to his mother for some breakfast. "Alas! child," she said, "I have been so distressed on your account that I have not been able to do any work these two days, so that I have no money to buy any food, and all I had in the house you ate yesterday. But," continued she, "here is the lamp which you brought home, and which nearly

cost you your life; it seems to be a very good one. I will clean it, and I dare say it will sell for money enough to keep us until I have spun some more cotton."

Saying this she took some sand and began to rub the lamp. In an instant a genius of gigantic size stood before her and said, "What wouldst thou have? I am ready to obey thee as thy slave, the slave of all those who hold the lamp in their hands: I and the other slaves of the lamp." Aladdin's mother fainted at the sight of the genius, but her son, who had already seen one like him, caught the lamp out of her hand and said, "I am hungry: bring me something to eat at once."

The genius vanished, but quickly returned with a large silver basin containing twelve covered plates of the same metal, all full of the choicest dainties, together with six white loaves and two bottles of sherbet. Having placed these things on the table, he disappeared. When Aladdin's mother recovered, she was very much pleased to see such an abundance of nice eatables. Sitting down with her son they feasted abundantly, and when they had done, she inquired what had passed between the genius and her son while she was unconscious.

On being informed that rubbing the lamp

had caused the genius to appear, she protested against ever touching it again and earnestly advised her son to sell it. He reasoned with her on the great pains his false uncle had taken to procure the talisman, and on the use it had now been to them and would no doubt continue to be, and added, that, as he was now used to the appearance of the genius, he would, when he wanted anything, rub the lamp at a time when she was not present. His mother answered that he might act as he pleased, but for her part she would have nothing to do with genii.

The next day, the provisions being all gone, Aladdin took one of the plates and went to a silversmith to sell it. The merchant soon perceived that it was of the purest silver, but thinking the owner ignorant of its value he offered a small sum of money for it. Aladdin thought he had made a good bargain. He gave the money to his mother, and they lived upon it in their usual frugal manner as long as it lasted. Aladdin then sold another plate, and so on till they had only the basin left; that being very large, the silversmith gave him double the former amount, which supported them a considerable time. When all the money was spent, Aladdin again called the lamp to his aid, and the genius supplied the

table with another silver basin and the same number of covered plates equally well filled.

Aladdin and his mother very prudently continued to live as usual for several years, when one day, as he was walking in the town, he heard a crier ordering all the people to shut their shops and keep within doors, while the princess Bulbul, the Emperor's daughter, went to the baths. Aladdin, seized with a great desire to see the princess, secreted himself behind the outer door of the bath where he remained unobserved. As the princess approached the door she laid aside her veil and gave him an opportunity to have a full view of her face. The instant Aladdin saw the princess, who was exceedingly beautiful, he fell desperately in love with her; and when she had entered the inner doors, he returned home pensive yet delighted.

Next morning Aladdin behaved with great reserve and sadness, and after musing some time told his mother the cause of his uneasiness, saying, "I love the charming princess so much that I cannot live without her, and am resolved to ask her in marriage of the Emperor, her father." Aladdin's mother heard with attention, but when he came to what seemed so wild a determination she burst into loud laughter.

"My dear son," she said, you must be out of your mind. Do you consider who you are, that you have the boldness to think of your sovereign's daughter for a wife? Who do you expect will be bold enough to ask the princess of the Emperor for you?"

"You undoubtedly must do it," replied her son.

"I shall take care," said she hastily, "how I engage in such an affair. I go to the Emperor on a message! what madness! Besides, no one approaches the sovereign to ask a favor without a present. What have you to offer the Emperor worthy his acceptance even for his smallest favors, much less for the highest he can bestow?"

"I admit," replied Aladdin, "that my wish is very bold, but I love the princess so ardently that I shall die if I do not succeed. You should remember what the lamp I possess has already done for us. As to a proper offering to the Emperor, I am able to furnish you with one which I am sure he will gladly accept." He now arranged the jewels he had brought from the garden in a vessel of fine porcelain which showed them to great advantage, and persuaded his mother, who consented with great reluctance, to carry them to the Emperor.

"Depend upon it, my son," said she, "your present will be thrown away. The Emperor will either laugh at me, or be in so great a rage that he will make us both the victims of his fury."

However, on the following day Aladdin's mother appeared at the divan, and was admitted with other suitors who came to ask favors of the Emperor. By the example of others she had learned to prostrate herself before the throne. The Emperor bade her rise and said to her, "Good woman, what is your business?" Aladdin's mother replied, "Before I presume to tell your Majesty the almost incredible affair which brings me before you, I most humbly request the favor of being heard by you in private, and also that you will pardon me the bold demand I have to make." The Emperor's curiosity was much excited, and ordering everybody else to withdraw he directed her to proceed.

She was slow to do so, being very anxious to obtain pardon for her presumption before she began. The Emperor, tired with her prattle and impatient to know what she had to ask, gave her assurances of the most ample pardon and again commanded her to relate her business.

Thus encouraged, she told him faithfully

how her son had seen the princess, and the violent love for her which that sight had inspired in him, and ended by asking the princess Bulbul in marriage for her son. At the same time she bowed down before the throne and laid her present at the foot of it.

From the manners and appearance of the poor woman nothing could seem more absurd to the Emperor than such a proposal. The instant he heard it he burst out laughing, but sobering himself a little he said to her, "You have brought a present to forward your suit: pray let me look at it." Aladdin's mother hastened to lift it up, and the Emperor, greatly astonished to see so many priceless jewels set before him, the smallest of which far surpassed in beauty and value any in his own treasury, told her to return in three months, hinting that the answer then might not be unfavorable.

Aladdin's mother was overjoyed at a reception so much beyond her hopes. She hurried home to her son, who heard her story with great joy. To be sure, three months seemed an age [illegible] as he had never expected to succeed [illegible] thout much greater trouble his delig[illegible] unbounded. When the three months had passed Aladdin sent his mother to the divan as before. The Emperor remembered her, but, having no inclination to give

the princess to her son, he consulted his vizier, who advised him to demand of Aladdin a nuptial present so exceedingly valuable that it would be out of his power to procure it.

The Emperor, well pleased with the advice, beckoned the old woman to him, and told her he was ready to give the princess to her son, provided Aladdin sent him forty basins of massive gold full of the same kind of stones she had brought him before,—each basin to be carried by a black slave led by a young and handsome white slave, all of them magnificently dressed. "Go," said he, "and tell him that on these conditions I am ready to receive him as my son-in-law." She returned home much dejected; but Aladdin heard her

report with great pleasure and, summoning the genius, ordered him to provide the present the Emperor had demanded. In a few minutes the house of Aladdin was filled by the eighty slaves: forty black ones bearing large golden basins filled with all sorts of jewels, each basin being covered with a silver stuff embroidered with flowers of gold.

Aladdin requested his mother to return to the Emperor and present him with the dowry he had demanded; and opening the door he ordered a white slave to go out, and a black one with his basin to follow. In this order they all set forth, and the mother of Aladdin closed the procession. When they entered the divan they formed a semicircle before the throne; the black slaves laid the basins on the carpets and uncovered them; and the whole company, having paid proper compliments to the sovereign, modestly stood with folded arms.

The Emperor surveyed the whole with the utmost amazement. The vizier admitted that Aladdin's present merited his reception into the royal family. All the court agreed with this opinion, and the Emperor dismissed the old woman with orders that her son should hasten to receive the princess from the hands of her father. The joy with which Aladdin received this message was unspeakable. He

summoned the genius, and said, "Provide me with proper apparel and equipage, that I may visit the Emperor, who has consented to receive me as a son." No sooner had he spoken these words than the genius clothed him in most magnificent garments.

When Aladdin arrived at court and was introduced to the Emperor, he would have prostrated himself in the usual manner, but the monarch prevented this by receiving him in his arms and embracing him. They conversed together a long time, and the Emperor was charmed with the wit and good sense of his intended son-in-law. The judge presented the contract, and the Emperor asked Aladdin to stay in the palace and conclude the marriage immediately. But Aladdin, with great gratitude, declined the Emperor's request. "I wish first, said he, "to build a palace fit for the reception of the charming princess; and for this purpose I humbly beg your majesty to grant me a piece of ground near your own." The Emperor bade him take any ground he pleased, but begged him to consider how long it must be before he could complete a new palace; and all that time he should be without the pleasure of calling him son.

When Aladdin returned home, he summoned the genius in the usual manner.

"Genius," said he, "the speed with which thou hast executed my orders deserves all praise. I have now a commission of still greater importance for thee. Build me a palace opposite the Emperor's, fit to receive the princess Bulbul. Let the materials be the most rare and costly. Let there be a large hall in it with a dome at the top and four-and-twenty windows. Decorate these windows with the most splendid jewels. Let the walls of the hall be formed of massive gold and silver. Provide the most sumptuous furniture, but above all else be sure that there is a place well supplied with money both in gold and silver. There must also be kitchens and offices suited to the magnificence of such a palace, and also stables filled with the most beautiful horses, not omitting everything proper for hunting. I must likewise have attendants for the offices and female slaves for the service of the princess."

By the time Aladdin had finished his instructions the sun was set. The next morning at daybreak the genius presented himself, and said, "Master, your palace is finished; come and see how you like it." Aladdin consenting, he transported him thither and led him through the various apartments. He found that his orders had been faithfully

fulfilled and sent a message to the Emperor requesting that he might be permitted to wait on him and on the princess Bulbul, and that the wedding might take place that day. The Emperor consenting, the marriage was performed.

In the evening Aladdin received the lovely bride in his own palace and conducted her into the grand hall, which was superbly illuminated. The princess being seated, a noble feast was served up. The plates and dishes were all of burnished gold and contained the most delicious meat, and all the furniture in the hall was magnificent. Although the princess Bulbul had been used to the splendor of a court from her infancy, she was much struck with the magnificence of her new home, and expressed her pleasure to Aladdin in the strongest terms. After supper there was a concert of music and a dance by genii and fairies. The day following, the royal parents came to Aladdin's palace to congratulate the princess; she received them and conducted them to the hall, where they were astonished at the display of riches and elegance.

For some years Aladdin lived happily in his changed condition, being very popular with the subjects of the Emperor for his agreeable manners and his liberality. He was very fond

of hunting and sometimes spent several days in a single expedition. During a prolonged absence of this sort he was overtaken by a great misfortune, against which he had not sufficiently guarded. When he left his paternal home to live in his palace he took with him the lamp which had brought him so much good fortune, and the ring which had been given to him by the magician. The latter he always wore on his finger; the former he generally carried in his bosom, but when he set out on the hunting expedition referred to he left it at home. Before he returned, it had been ignorantly handed in exchange for a new lamp to a stranger, who was no other than the "African Magician." The latter by his magic art, while in his own country, discovered that Aladdin had not perished in the cave as he expected, but had married a princess and was living in his native city in the greatest splendor. He set out at once with the object of destroying his happiness by getting possession of the lamp, and this he accomplished during the absence of Aladdin, when no one was left about the palace who had any idea of its value. He immediately left the city but remained in its vicinity and, during the following night, by rubbing the lamp he secured the aid of the genius who had built the palace,

and who at his order transported it with everything it contained, and also the magician himself to Africa, where he had his home.

The next morning when the Emperor arose he went as usual to his closet-window to admire Aladdin's palace, but when he saw an uncovered space of ground, he could not restrain his astonishment and indignation, the latter being due to the loss of his daughter even more than to the disappearance of the edifice. He at once ordered that Aladdin should, on his return from his hunting expedition, be put to death as an impostor, but he afterwards pardoned him through fear of the people, with whom his son-in-law was a great favorite, and who had risen in a tumult and threatened to rescue him by force. Aladdin, on being informed of the disappearance of his palace, begged to be allowed forty days in which to make inquiries about the calamity which had befallen him.

For three days he rambled about the city and its neighborhood, making unsuccessful inquiries of those whom he met. At the close of the third day he came to a river and, under the influence of despair, he determined to cast himself into the water. He thought it right first to say his prayers, and went to the river-side to wash his hands and face, according to the law

of Mahomed. The bank of the river was steep and slippery, and as he stood upon it he slid down against a little rock. The ring, which he had forgotten, was rubbed by chance against the stone, and there appeared to him the same genius which he had seen in the cavern. Aladdin said, "I command thee to convey me to the place where my palace stands, and set me down under the princess' window." The genius immediately transported him into the midst of a large plain, on which his palace stood, and then set him exactly under the window, and left him there fast asleep.

When he awoke next morning he was recognized by members of his household and admitted to the palace, where the princess was overjoyed to see him. From her he

learned that the African Magician had the lamp, that he carried it carefully and constantly in his bosom, and that, after trying to convince the princess of Aladdin's death, he had sought her hand in marriage. At the suggestion of her husband she succeeded in poisoning him by exchanging wine-cups at a banquet, and by the aid of the lamp thus recovered the palace was again transported to its proper place in China.

The Emperor, when he saw it the next morning, was greatly surprised. He hastened to welcome his daughter home and to ask pardon of Aladdin for his hasty condemnation of him for an offense of which he was innocent. After living happily for some time with his restored children the Emperor died, and was succeeded on the throne by his daughter. She shared the supreme power with her husband, Aladdin, and they reigned together many years in uninterrupted happiness and prosperity.

The days of our years are threescore years and ten; and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labor and sorrow; for it is soon cut off, and we fly away.

—*Psalm XC.*

ALADDIN.

When I was a beggarly boy
And lived in a cellar damp,
I had not a friend or a toy,
But I had Aladdin's lamp.

When I could not sleep for the cold,
I had fire enough in my brain,
And builded with roofs of gold
My beautiful castles of Spain!

Since then I have toiled day and night,
I have money and power good store,
But I'd give all my lamps of silver bright
For the one that is mine no more.

Take, Fortune, whatever you choose;
You gave, and may snatch again;
I have nothing 'twould pain me to lose,
For I own no more castles in Spain!

—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

ABOU BEN ADHEM.

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,
An Angel writing in a book of gold.
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,

And to the Presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?"—The Vision raised its head,
And with a look made of all sweet accord
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the Angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerily still, and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."
The Angel wrote and vanished. The next night
It came again with a great wakening light
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed,
And, lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

—LEIGH HUNT.

THE THREE COPECKS.

Crouched low in a sordid chamber
With a cupboard of empty shelves,—
Half starved and, alas! unable
To comfort or help themselves,

Two children were left forsaken,
All orphaned of mortal care,
But with spirits too close to Heaven
To be tainted by Earth's despair,—

Alone in that crowded city
Which shines like an Arctic star
By the banks of the frozen Neva
In the realm of the mighty Czar.

Now, Max was an urchin of seven,
But his delicate sister, Lisbeé,
With the crown of her tippling ringlets,
Could scarcely have reached your knees!

As he knelt on his sister weeping,
And [illegible] by hunger's smart,
A thought [illegible]
At the [illegible]

He wrote on a [illegible]
With quivering hand and soul
"Please send to the Christ! three copecks
To purchase for Lisbeé a roll!"

Then rushed to a church his missive
To drop—ere the vesper psalms
As the sinners' mail bound Christward—
In the [illegible] box for alms!

While he stood upon tiptoe to reach it
One passed from the priestly band,
And with smile like a benediction
Took the note from his eager hand.

Having read it, the good man's bosom
Grew warm with a holy joy:
"Ah! Christ may have heard you already,—
Will you come to my house, my boy?"

"But not without Lisbeé!" "[illegible] surely,
We'll have a rare party of [illegible];
Go tell her that somebody's waiting
To welcome her home to tea."

That night in the coziest cottage
The orphans were safe at rest,
Each snug as a callow birdling
In the depths of its downy nest.

And the next Lord's day in his pulpit
The preacher so spake of these
Stray lambs from the fold, which Jesus
Had blessed by the sacred seas—

So recounted their guileless story
As he held each child by the hand,
That the hardest there could feel it,
And the dullest could understand.

O'er the eyes of the listening fathers
There floated [illegible]
And oh, how the tender mothers
Those desolate darlings kissed!

"You have given your tears," said the preacher,
"Heart-alms we should none despise;
But the open palm, my children,
Is more than the weeping eyes!"

Then followed a swift collection
From the altar steps to the door,
Till the sum of two thousand roubles
The vergers had counted o'er.

So you see that the unmailed letter
Had somehow gone to its goal,
And more than three copecks gathered
To purchase for Lesmo a roll!

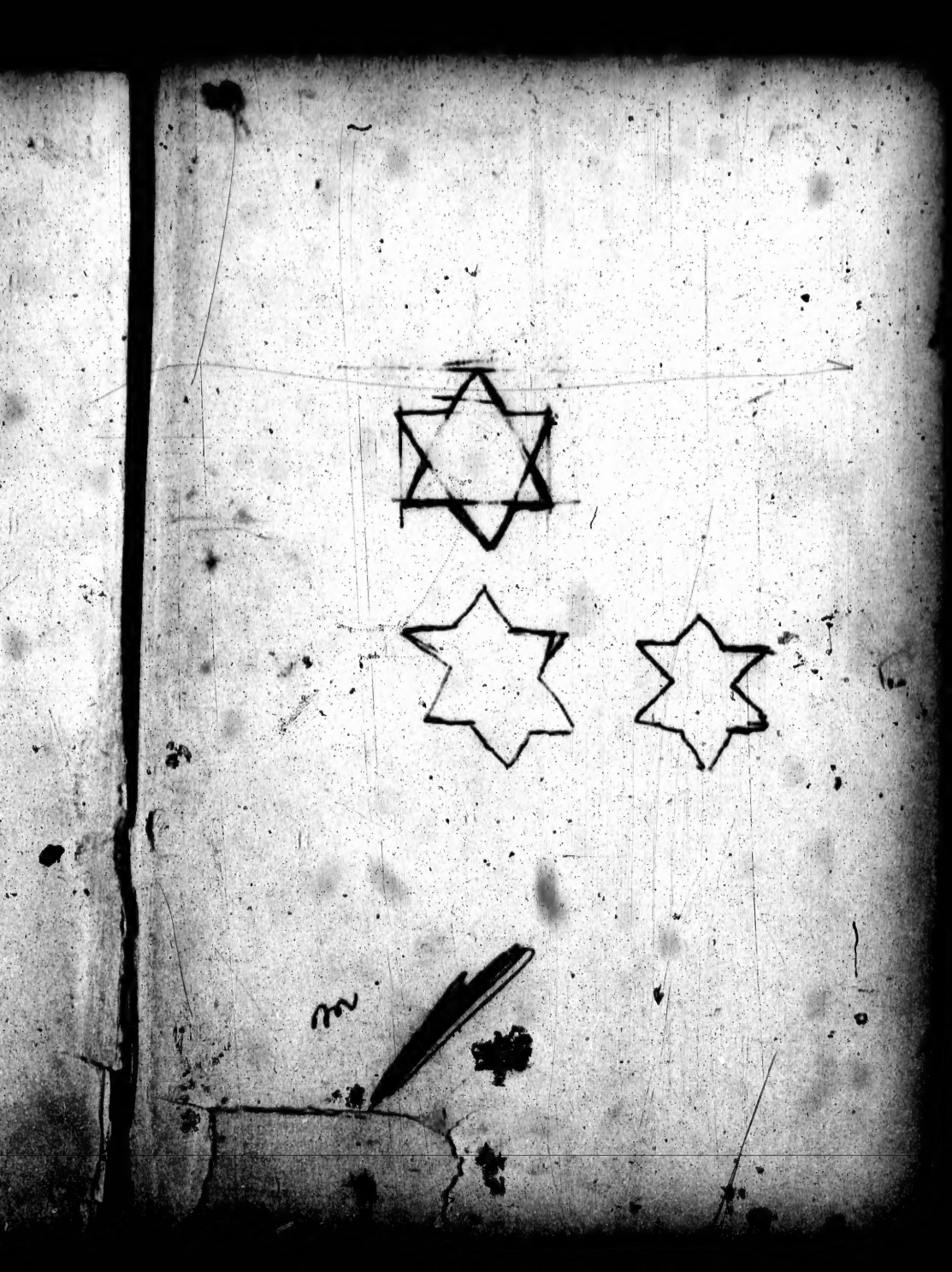
—PAUL H. HAYNE.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

On Christmas eve the bells were rung;
On Christmas eve the mass was sung;
Then opened wide the baron's hall
To vassal, tenant, serf, and all;
Power laid his rod of rule aside,
And ceremony doffed his pride;
The heir with roses in his shoes
That night might village partner choose.

All hailed with uncontrolled delight
And general voice the happy night,
That to the village as the crown
Brought tidings of salvation down.
England was merry England when
Old Christmas brought his sports again,
And Christmas gambol oft would cheer
A poor man's heart through half the year.

—ANON.



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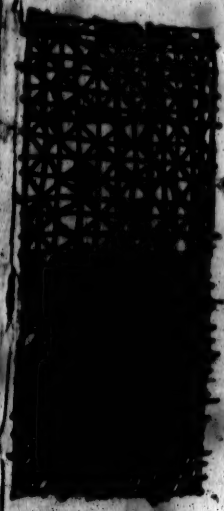

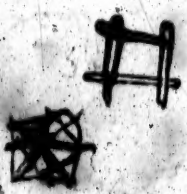

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